

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A  
Magazine for  
Lovers of  
Good Reading.*

*July*

**1943**

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**FOR PEACE:**

**Fighting Blood**

**B. J. TOBIN**

**Rationing's Last Straw**

**E. F. MILLER**

**Women on Battlefronts**

**G. J. CORBETT**

**Open Letter to Young People**

**D. F. MILLER**

**The Case for the Conscientious Objector**

**R. J. MILLER**

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**FOR INSTRUCTION:**

**A Priest's Office Work**

**The Latest in Berries**

**The Laureate  
of Corpus Christi**

*Death - Cem. - Shrubin -  
Hell - Habima  
four books -*

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

Many of the more important features of war-time activity are discussed in this issue of THE LIGURIAN. Conscientious objectors are analyzed neatly, in the person of one of their foremost spokesmen, by R. J. Miller. . . . The why and wherefore and how of blood-donating are fully explained, for the benefit of those who are either in the dark about its purpose, or in fear as to its hardship, by B. J. Tobin. Maybe you will be interested to know that the seminary that is the headquarters of THE LIGURIAN has already given approximately four hundred pints of blood to the wounded soldiers of the war, which represents four "tappings" for most of the members of the community. . . . The importance of the nurses' corps in Uncle Sam's army is analyzed from the viewpoint of history and present needs by G. J. Corbett. . . . One of the minor (and unnecessary) afflictions that has flourished since the war started is, with customary directness,

given a going over by E. F. Miller. . . . Young men and women of high school age are shown an opportunity of service to their country that has been overshadowed by the lesser appeals being made to them, but that remains the highest and noblest possibility, in the Open Letter by D. F. Miller. . . . And the bystander pries into your conscience with observations on a social virtue that seems to be in fair danger of disappearing altogether as a result of the war. . . . We think you will be a better citizen, and a more effective agent of victory and peace, if you absorb the lessons that are buried in these interesting articles. And because quite a number of them deal with civilian activities in support of the soldiers and sailors facing the bullets and the guns, they should be found interesting by the boys in camp and barracks. A good number of LIGURIANS are reaching them now; let's continue to keep them well supplied.

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### The Liguorian

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

L. G. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

T. TOBIN, C.Ss.R.

Business Manager: J. BRUNNER, C.Ss.R.

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# THE LIGUORIAN



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*According to the Spirit of St.  
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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### WHY?

Why this questioning  
Of God's wisdom — purpose — mercy —  
Because our world  
Is racked with pain —  
Because great scars appear  
Upon the surface of our earth —  
And rich, warm blood  
Is spilled?

Who questions  
The wisdom — purpose — mercy —  
Of the surgeon who  
Ignoring pain —  
Telltale after-scars —  
And spilling blood —  
Cuts, deeply and swiftly —  
In mercy and compassion?

(Thoughts in Chapel 759, Camp Livingston, La.)

*"Bruce Brian"*

# FATHER TIM CASEY, Junior

## A PRIEST'S OFFICE WORK

E. F. MILLER

AT LAST young Father Tim Casey was going to work. Of course it was not the work for which he had been intended by his higher superiors — the work of the foreign missions. But it was work. And any port in a storm, he said to himself philosophically.

One of the functions of the priests of religious Orders is to help out the diocesan clergy whenever the latter are unable, through sickness or need for a vacation or some other reason, to fulfill their parochial duties themselves. There are generally at least six religious priests in every parish that is conducted by an Order. Thus one or the other of the men will almost always be available.

On this occasion Father Tim was available. In fact, he was available all the time — ever since he heard that some kind of a hitch had come up in regard to his sailing for Brazil. While his provincial was trying to straighten it out, he was living at St. Cecelia's rectory in uptown New York, concerning himself with little more than his daily Mass and Office and occasional walks around the city. He didn't like it. He wanted to be away and at work, and on more than one occasion he expressed his wish to the fathers of the house. They laughed at him. They even insisted that he make his stay at their rectory a vacation. "You'll be batting the ball long enough and hard enough when you finally get down there in the jungles," they told him. "Take it easy while you can." But sitting around did not please him at all. His head was full of theology and his soul with zeal, and he wanted to use the theology and to expend some of the zeal. Life was too short for the taking of prolonged vacations.

THUS he was pleased when the pastor came to him one Friday and asked him if he would be willing to run down to Philadelphia for Saturday and Sunday in order to take the place of a priest who had suddenly become ill. It would mean confessions Saturday afternoon, and two Masses with sermons Sunday morning. The pastor would pay him for his trouble. Father Tim was delighted. He went to his room,

carefully wrote out a short sermon and committed it to memory. On Saturday, bright and early, he packed his bag and made ready to go. When he finished it was three or four hours to train time. He ran over his sermon again, looked up a few points in the moral theology (it was the first time he would be hearing confessions), glanced at the form for absolution — and then started out for the Pennsylvania station.

It should be made known at the very start of this story that Father Tim Casey was a very presentable young man. Of medium height, he was well-built across the shoulders, of smooth complexion and topped with a head of heavy black hair that waved and wound in spite of the fact that it was well watered down as though an effort had been made to deprive it of its curves and curls. And about him there was that aura of discipline and simplicity which are the special products of thirteen years — consecutive years — of seminary life.

Of all these things Father Tim was quite ignorant. He considered himself a young fellow, of no more than average talent, and assuredly of few such traits as might attract the attention of others. In his college days he had been the object of most of the jokes that were cracked. It seemed that anybody could say anything to Tim Casey and get away with it. This constant "attack" of "kidding" had kept his conceit at a very low ebb, so that his gifts were hardly apparent to him. However, people outside the seminary walls did not look upon him in quite the same way in which he looked upon himself.

**H**E MOUNTED his train eventually and found a seat. Before he was comfortably fixed he heard a voice coming from the seat in front of him say:

"Please, Reverend, would you mind opening this window for me. It's so hot in here."

"Glad to," answered Father Tim, without thinking. He approached the window and began tugging. Then he remembered. Windows were not to be opened in air-conditioned cars. He turned to the voice, and for the first time he noticed that its owner was a young lady, and a very gorgeous young lady at that. She was not painted and powdered beyond reason, and her hair was a little bit mussed up. Nevertheless, she was pretty. Father Tim decided to get out of there.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But these windows are not supposed to be opened. The conductor would be angry if he came along and noticed

that somebody had tampered with them. It'll cool off in the car once we get started." With that he made his exit, retiring to the seat where he had his bag.

The train had not progressed very far on its way to Philadelphia when he heard a discreet cough in front of him. By this time he was well into his breviary, and he was hoping that there wouldn't be any interruptions until he had finished. Besides, he wanted to get as much of the office said for the following day as the church would allow him to say. And now here was that voice again. He had no desire to talk to young ladies in trains. He had other things on his mind, like sermons and so forth. But he could not be rude. Thus, when the discreet cough was repeated a second and a third time, he closed his book and looked up. The young lady was looking over the back of her seat.

"**R**EVEREND," she said. "Is that book you're reading a Bible?" Now no priest likes to be called "Reverend" and just "Reverend." It's alright to say Reverend Timothy Casey, Foreign Missionary to Brazil, for example. But the single title "Reverend" smacks too much of ministers and preachers who hold church services on Sunday and till a farm on the other days of the week. It's like calling a doctor saw-bones or quack. The priest's proper title is "Father," and only the ignorant and the malicious refuse to accept this amenity. Father Tim concluded that the young lady must be ignorant, for she had no signs about her of malice. However, he said nothing to disabuse her of her ignorance.

"Well, it's a sort of Bible," he answered. "There's a lot in it taken from the Bible. But really, it's more of a prayer book than a Scripture book."

"What, for example, is from the Bible?"

"There are the Psalms of David, and excerpts from the New Testament—and from the other books of the Old Testament too. See, you can find them for yourself." He handed her the book. She paged through it curiously.

"But it's not in English. Why isn't it in English?"

"Why should it be in English? Show me in the Bible where it says that we have to pray in English."

"Yes, but English is so much easier to understand."

"Maybe it is for you. But priests study Latin for twelve years. They

know what they're reading when they say their prayers in Latin. Anyway, Latin is the language, the official language of the Catholic Church, just as English is the official language of America. I have just as much right to say to you: why do they talk English in America as you have to say to me why do they pray in Latin in the Catholic Church."

SHE continued to page through the book. "I don't find Paul in here," she said. "I'll bet Paul isn't in here at all. You Catholics don't think much of Paul, do you?"

Father Tim laughed. "My stars!" he exclaimed. "Where did you ever get that? The book is full of St. Paul. We call him *St. Paul*, you know, because we consider him a pretty holy man." He took the breviary from her. "I'll show you something from St. Paul." He pointed out half a dozen passages from the great Apostle. "You see," he concluded. "You Protestants don't know much about us at all."

"Oh, I know all kinds of things about Catholics," she said.

"Never mind telling me about them. I have a pretty good idea what they are."

"But they're true, aren't they—I mean all those things about the cruelty in convents and so on? I really read them in a book."

"No, they're not true. They're a pack of lies and half-truths that aren't even allowed to go through the mails—most of them. That's how true they are."

"That's the first time I heard that." At that moment the butcher boy came by. The young lady halted him, searched her purse for a dime, and bought a candy bar. Father Tim sighed with relief. He could now get back to his Office. But he sighed too soon. In a moment the voice was at him again.

"BUT if only a part of your book is the Bible, what's the rest of it?"

"Prayers and stories about holy people, and hymns."

She thought over that for a moment, eating the candy bar diligently the while. "But why do you say it in a public place like this? Isn't that hypocritical? When we pray in our church we pray in private. We don't show everybody how pious we are."

"You pray in private and then come out and tell everybody about it," Father Tim answered with a smile. "No, we don't pray in public in

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order that people may see us. We pray in public because oftentimes that's the only chance we have. We priests are bound to pray out of this book for about an hour every day. It's a serious obligation. That's why we take every chance we get."

"Why do you have to pray out of that book every day?"

"If you listen closely, I'll tell you. Ready? Alright. Here goes. Everybody in the world has the obligation of praising and honoring God. God made man and God preserves man. The least that man can do is thank God for His benefits. But lots of men don't do it. Other men are so busy that they don't think of it. They work and eat and sleep, and that's about the end of their activity. And still the obligation persists. It is a kind of natural obligation, as necessary for the well-being of the universe as sunshine is necessary for the well-being of the plants and flowers. Now, if certain individuals refuse to praise and thank God, others must take their places. We priests have been set aside officially to take the place of the back-sliders. We pray every day, not only in our own name, but in the name of all the world. And we hope that in that way, God will be appeased and not let too much of his anger fall upon mankind and destroy it. That's why we pray every day. Is it clear?"

The young lady was finishing the last of her candy bar. "I suppose it is," she said. Father Tim knew that it wasn't clear at all. But he wasn't going to say any more about it. Perhaps now he could get back to his Office. He opened his breviary.

"Say, Reverend," came the voice. "Why don't priests marry?"

"Ye gods," cried out the priest. "I give up." The people in the nearby seats heard his exclamation. They showed curiosity. "Excuse me, will you please?" he said to the young lady. "I really have to get into this, or I won't finish." Determinedly he opened his book, and buried his nose within its pages. The young lady turned about and began to read a movie magazine.

### Definition

"Hm-m-m," says Miss Bennett doubtfully. "What is your definition of an actress anyway?"

"Well," said Schuster, "an actress is a girl who can walk to the side of the set, peer into the wings filled with jumbled theatrical props, dirt and dust and other actors, stagehands, old costumes and other claptrap and say: 'What an enchanting view there is from this window!'" — *Milwaukee Journal*.

## **ON BEARING GRUDGES**

L. M. MERRILL

Nothing reveals more dramatically the weakness of certain characters than the manner and frequency with which they carry grudges against relatives and friends and neighbors. To bear a grudge means to manifest prolonged resentment against someone for some real or doubtful or imagined slight or offense that has been offered. Among children this is called "pouting," and in them it takes on many disagreeable forms. The adult can make "pouting" look more dignified and righteous; but it is still the same old disagreeable weakness.

No one needs lessons on how to express a grudge. Instinctively weak people seem to know all the tricks. Some do it by a cold and disdainful silence, by a refusal to answer questions except in uninterested monosyllables, and a freezing aloofness from the plans and activities of the one who has awakened the grudge. Some do it by sarcasm; by biting comments and caustic interpretations of another's conduct and words. Some do it by sadness; a showy sadness that cloaks the features, weighs down the shoulders and seems to say "See what you have done to me!" The longer a grudge lasts, the weaker is the character that supports it.

Strength of character means the ability to overcome resentment against others, to hide hurt feelings, and to forgive readily and quickly. It is found only in those who can honestly answer most of the following questions with a negative:

1. Am I sensitive and touchy in my dealings with others, quick to perceive slights and slurs and very slow to forget them?
2. Do I lack control over my features and bearing, so that the moment I am slighted or hurt I set myself into a certain appearance that reveals beyond all doubt that I have a grievance?
3. Do I frequently express exaggerated humility when others disagree with me, for example, by saying: "O course, I have no education, I know nothing. I'm not capable of forming an opinion. You know it all?"
4. Do I find myself dreaming about appropriate and devastating answers to people who have humiliated me, but expressing them only by a cool and hurt silence?
5. Do I make my friends apologize frequently, and beg me not to be hurt by something they have said?
6. Have I spoiled parties and get-togethers by taking umbrage at some remark, and by refusing to be congenial thereafter?

The grudge-bearing person usually considers himself so right that he is perfectly justified in his surly conduct. He will never be a strong character until he sees himself as others see him—as just a childish, pouting, self-opinionated weakling.

## FIGHTING BLOOD

---

Buying war bonds and stamps is not the only duty of the patriotic American on the home front. Here is a way in which he can directly serve the men on the fighting fronts.

---

B. J. TOBIN

**B**LOOD, tons of human blood, will be needed by the wounded of our armed forces during 1943. This enormous amount must come from the veins of the people of the United States. Together with the weapons of war constructed by these same Americans on the home front, this blood will be shipped to all parts of the world to save the lives of our soldiers and those of our allies.

Graphic stories of the lives saved by blood plasma collected by the American Red Cross are already numerous. On all fronts, whether in the foxholes of New Guinea or the wadis of North Africa, blood plasma has been instrumental in substantially reducing the grim toll claimed by death in our fighting forces. It, along with the sulfa drugs, has literally meant the difference between life and death for untold numbers of wounded.

Before Pearl Harbor few people had heard of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service. America was still at peace. The Service was in its infancy. The quota requested by the Surgeons General of the Army and Navy at that time was small, 15,000 pints. But along with the momentarily paralyzing news of the attack on Pearl Harbor came dramatic stories about the remarkable recoveries of many of the wounded. Throwing off the effects of the stunning blow caused by the losses suffered by our navy, Americans started to ask one another just what this extraordinary plasma was. And well for them that they did show such interest. The original request of the Army-Navy for 15,000 pints was increased steadily after war was declared until by the end of 1942 a total of 1,300,000 pints had been delivered. The interest shown by the public and their desire to make a personal contribution to the men at the front had enabled the Red Cross to meet these ever-increasing requests.

During the last war nothing like blood plasma was available. Thousands of lives which might have been saved were lost for want of suitable blood substitutes. Unsatisfactory attempts were made to preserve and

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use whole blood. Regular transfusions were tried. But this could be done only on a small scale. The donor and the recipient had to have the same type of blood and had to be brought together for the actual transfusion. Under combat conditions this system was entirely impractical. The result was that the lives of thousands of American boys were lost as result of shock from wounds, burns, or hemorrhage — for lack of fresh whole blood.

That is no longer the case. Following World War I, the problem of supplying blood on the battle field was taken in hand by research workers. They discovered that many deaths were caused not so much by the loss of the red corpuscles as had formerly been thought, but by the more serious loss of the blood fluid. When this fluid was lacking, their research showed, the sluggish blood stream was unable to carry oxygen-distributing red corpuscles to the cells of the body. By injecting this fluid — the liquid part of the blood remaining after the red and white corpuscles have been removed — into the veins, the oxygen traffic was speeded up, and the fluid that had leaked into the tissues was drawn back into circulation. Another advantage of the plasma, as the blood fluid was called, was that since all people had the same kind of plasma it eliminated the fastidious necessity of matching the blood types. It could be transfused to anybody. Finally, a technique was developed whereby the plasma could be dehydrated like powdered milk for storage as a pale, straw-colored powder that will not deteriorate for at least five years even without refrigeration. This powder could be made available for quick use simply by mixing it with sterile, triply distilled water.

It sounds simple, and it is. Yet this simple plasma and water mixture is saving thousands of lives of our fighting men who would have died under similar conditions twenty years ago.

**T**HANKS to the work of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service, on all our fighting fronts today there is a supply of blood plasma ready and waiting to be used when the need arises. Near miracles are being performed through its administration. It gets A-I priority right up to the battle lines. American transport planes have dropped blood plasma to the Australians descending the Owen Stanley Mountains in New Guinea. Bushy-haired Papuan natives constructed litters of betelnut wood bound with bark rope, loaded them with cartons of the plasma,

and trotted under their precious load through the black sago swamps to the first-aid stations within enemy rifle range near Buna. In less spectacular but more efficient ways the plasma has been delivered to our troops pushing Rommel into the coffin-corner of Tunisia. By this constant flow of supplies our soldiers can be given blood plasma a few minutes after being wounded, thus preventing shock, gangrene or the numerous other complications met with on the field of battle.

Major Simon Warmerhoven, formerly of St. Mary Hospital, Grand Rapids, and at present the director of the American Medical Service in New Guinea, lists plasma and sulfa drugs as the most important factors revolutionizing wartime surgery. But the sulfa drugs come only after the plasma. "Sulfanilamide is wonderful," declared one doctor. "It stops infections faster than anything we've ever seen. But not sulfanilamide nor sulfathiazole nor triple dye, not the best surgery, will work on a dead patient. We're using plasma to keep the patients alive, and then we patch them up and cure them later."

It is the generous donations of the American people that are making these remarkable cures possible. The blood of Detroit factory workers, of St. Louis housewives, of Iowa farmers, of Pennsylvania miners and of New York Metropolitan Opera stars, of Washington bigshots and local politicians, of debutantes and dowagers, of Catholic Sisters and monks and priests, of rich and poor alike is saving uncounted lives of allied fighting men.

Up to the end of 1942 about a million and a third Americans had donated their blood — only 1,300,000 pints of blood from a country of 135,000,000 inhabitants! The new program of the Red Cross for 1943 in order to meet the requests of the Army and Navy calls for an additional 4,000,000 pints, more than three times the amount obtained from volunteers during the whole of 1942. It means that by the end of this year Americans must have given over two thousand tons of their blood that our soldiers and sailors may live. In order to meet this large quota thousands upon thousands of people who have not done it so far must volunteer their blood time and again during this year.

To obtain the blood, the Red Cross has set up fixed Blood Donor Centers in thirty-one key cities. But as the blood must be shipped in heavy refrigerated containers within 24 hours after it is drawn to laboratories which have agreed to process it into dried plasma for the Army and Navy, centers must of necessity be restricted to areas near such

## THE LIGURIAN

laboratories. Since these laboratories equipped to process the blood are located chiefly in the north, east, and the far west, the centers are therefore limited to these sections of the country. This makes it impossible at the present time to accept the graciously offered blood donations from the people in other sections. However, as more and more laboratories in different sections of the country are equipped to process the blood, the Red Cross is finding itself constantly able to oblige new donors.

**T**HOSE wishing to donate their blood to the armed forces should make an appointment by writing, telephoning or calling in person at the Center. From this contact the prospective donor learns the few simple regulations to be observed, an appointment is made and the donor is requested to abstain from fatty foods for a period of four hours prior to making the donation.

At the hour appointed, the donor goes to the Blood Donor Center. There he is greeted by a Red Cross Gray Lady. A short wait usually ensues during which time the donor is able to observe how in times of stress all Americans are on the same plane socially. Prosperous business men come in with mechanics, debutantes with stenographers, housewives with society matrons, husbands with their wives, and mothers with their children — all united in the common cause; all a bit nervous at the prospect, but firmly determined to give their blood.

A trained receptionist then interviews the donor asking a few questions as to whether or not he has ever had malaria, heart trouble, T.B., what operations, diseases and when, and if he considers his general health to be good. The doctor in charge must have the correct answers to these simple questions. Finally the receptionist asks the donor to sign a brief statement giving the Red Cross permission to take the blood.

The donor moves on. A nurse takes over. She takes the temperature, pulse, and blood pressure of the donor, and makes a hemoglobin test to see if he can donate with safety. Every precaution is taken to be sure the donor takes no risk.

If these precautionary tests are satisfactory the long awaited moment arrives. The fear of being rejected now gives place to wonderment of what is to come.

The donor is then taken to a special room and lies down on a bed.

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A registered nurse prepares the arm. Gently but firmly she twists a tourniquet about the upper arm. A momentary pinprick of a needle is felt in the soft bend at the elbow as a shot of novocain is injected to act as a local anesthetic killing all pain. A large needle is inserted into the vein at the elbow. The donor feels nothing. The arm is extended along the bed and the nurse instructs the donor to clinch and open the fist very slowly — about ten times a minute. Painlessly the donor pumps his blood through a tube into a special bottle attached to the side of the bed.

The actual drawing of the blood takes only a short time, no more than five or ten minutes. The process is painless and leaves no harmful effects. When it is over the words: "What! Is that all?" coming from the donors testify to the ease and simplicity of the operation.

After the blood has been obtained the donor is required to rest from ten to twenty minutes, which gives him an opportunity to observe how efficiently, expertly and safely the Red Cross workers operate their service. When this time is up he is taken to another room where Red Cross canteen workers serve light refreshments free. Then he is finished. He has given his blood that will give life to an American or an allied soldier. In token of this service he is given a tiny round emblem to wear on his lapel. Thrilled and enthusiastic, he may immediately make an appointment for the next contribution. He leaves the center at liberty to resume his normal activities. A glance at his watch shows him that the entire affair took approximately forty-five minutes — a short time during which he reflects that his blood may have saved the life of another man.

**B**UT the Red Cross has not been content to restrict its beneficial work to the area around the centers. Realizing that many willing and prospective donors live at a distance from the fixed centers, the Red Cross goes to them. Most centers have mobile units carrying complete equipment and staffed for setting up a temporary bleeding center. These blood banks on wheels make regular trips to the surrounding towns. They set up quarters and follow the same anesthetic and scientific method as that used in the fixed centers. They not only give the people of these districts an opportunity to give their blood, but have proven themselves satisfactory allies in enabling the fixed centers to meet their weekly quotas. It is these mobile units that operate in industrial plants,

permitting the management and employees to donate their blood with the least amount of inconvenience. One such mobile unit operating from the Milwaukee Center lines up between 100 and 125 donors per day right in the place of their employment. The State Mobile Unit operating from the same center visits various communities that otherwise could not be reached and handles between 200 and 225 donors a day.

The response on the part of the public to the appeal of the Red Cross for volunteer donors has been most generous. Thousands of Americans from every walk of life have freely donated their blood and there is every indication that they will continue to do so. But so far, most of the donations have come from groups — labor, industrial, civic or religious. Only rarely do individual men or women appear. Through the long hours of the afternoon the nurses wait idly by only to be rushed to feverish activity when the laborers come in in the evening. And yet it would be very easy for many housewives to drop in to the center during the early hours of the afternoon while their families are at work and school. Later on the businessmen, either individually or in groups, could make their donations. By coming in at such convenient times the work of the nurses would be made easier in the evenings. Also, the center could then turn its facilities to the handling of the factory workers.

In order to supply the life-saving plasma needed by our fighters in the amounts requested by the Army and Navy, more and more people must be made to realize the sacred obligation they have of assisting the Red Cross in this excellent work. It is true that at present there are supplies of blood plasma ready for use on all our fighting fronts. But this does not mean that the work of the Red Cross is complete. "Every time a transfusion is given," said Major General James C. Magee, Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, "another unit of plasma must be ready." It took 38 donations of blood to save the life of Jim Wise, a seaman who received burns at Pearl Harbor. Bill Moore received 43 transfusions out in Honolulu. The lives of these men were saved by the plasma transfusions, but in order that the same may be done over and over again on other fronts more and more Americans back here in the United States must donate their blood.

"Plasma transfusions now are basic and fundamental," said one doctor. "Without them, perhaps half of our burn victims would have died. Without them, many of our men would have been saved only at

## RATIONING'S LAST STRAW

---

It is not so bad to do *without* things when you've got a war to win. What hurts is some of the things you have to do *WITH*.

---

E. F. MILLER

WHEN a man goes into a restaurant nowadays, he does not find things as they were in a lusher and more luxurious era of our history. He takes up the menu and discovers on it the same lineup of foods that have always graced American tables. But when, after some thought and consultation of his taste, he selects that which he thinks the most palatable at the moment, he is greeted with the words from the waitress that that item is not in stock. He tries two or three other articles, also listed as was the first. And to these two or three other articles he is given the same answer. Finally he is brought heavily to the conclusion that there is only one thing that he can buy. And he does not like that one thing. But he buys it anyway and gulps it down as best he can.

Americans are glad to make these little sacrifices. What is taste, after all? Merely the garnishing of that which will serve the same purpose, garnished or not, namely, the nourishment of the body, whether it tantalizes the tongue or not. St. Bernard so cultivated his sense of mortification that when he ate the tongues of pheasants at the banquets of kings he did not find the taste of the tongues much different from the taste of a bowl of stew or a ration of turnips. All he was seeking was the revival of his strength in order to carry on new labors in the interest of his first and greatest love—his God. Food was calculated to do that—any kind of food. So he ate food with perfect indifference, not bothering whether it was salted or not salted, done rare or done well, on silver platters or in wooden gourds.

Almost every nation outside of America is feeling the pinch of hunger. The people of these nations are not crying out for steaks, for ice cream, for chewing gum. All they want is something to eat, even though it taste like wood, to stop that awful gnawing that tears unceasingly at their vitals, and gives no rest either by day or night. Hand them a dish of tripe and they'll clean it up to the last ounce of gravy. Dispense to them a platter of horse flesh and they'll crowd around like

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bees over a flower. They have all shorn themselves of the crustaceous layers of advanced civilization and have gone back to the elemental, the essential. It is quantity they want. Quality is of the texture of the rainbow. The gods on Olympus, like Americans, can have quality. But they, Poles, Austrians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Balkans, Chinamen, are satisfied with the kernel, the substance, the *res solida*.

**A**MERICANS are approaching slowly the position of these many peoples who have returned to the caves. But it will be a long day before they actually arrive. A man may find it impossible always to secure the kind of meat that he wants, according to the dictates of a finicky appetite; but he can always find so many accompanying varieties of food that he hardly misses that which he desired. Mountains of bread are still being manufactured, and bread is the staff of life. Vegetables are to be seen in almost every store. And crackers are still to be purchased at a low price.

But whatever sacrifice is to be made is made gladly by any man who is proud to be a citizen of the land of the free and the home of the brave. Each sacrifice means an earlier end to the war, a quicker return of a son, a father, a sweetheart, a brother from the lands of the East and the West to the family hearth. The motive is not so high as that of St. Bernard; but it will do. To promote the security of members of the family, and to suffer for one's country are virtues too, just as actual fighting for the same purpose is a virtue.

**B**UT there is one thing that should be stopped in the midst of the sacrifices that Americans must make. I mutter the words into my beard. It is the juke box with one's meals. Suffer me to weep alone, if weep I must. Do not beguile me of my pain if pain I have to endure in eating a veal cutlet when I would much rather partake of a broiled chop. Juke boxes are forever intruding on the secret sorrows of hungry Americans. They are the robbers that come in the midst of the night. They should be banished from the land.

These patent facts are particularly patent early in the morning. A man has a restless night, wondering whether or not his number will be called on the morrow, wondering whether or not the war will be over in sixty days as the boy who delivers papers to him insists it will be. He totters into a restaurant while the sun is still struggling to over-

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come the horizon, and discovers that he can't get sausages after all. He has to compromise with a bowl of grits. Manfully he goes at his grits, working his lips into a smile and fooling his mind with the deception that, after all, it's all in the mind. Grits are as good as sausages any day. And then the juke box begins to wail. It sobs and moans and drips. Nothing it says is sensible; no rhyme it rings is beyond the capability of an eighth-grade child. Yet on it goes. And when the dripping stops, the African pompoms begin.

It is bad enough when juke boxes are in good order. But, as it is in most cases, when they are slightly rusty from over-use, when they squeak and croak like dying frogs, they are almost beyond endurance. One can stand their noise in the evening; one can even tolerate their bleating at noon; but in the morning — that is too much. It is beyond human sufferance.

**B**UT let not the juke box itself be blamed. It is a harmless instrument, consisting as it does of wood and wires and flowing colors. It has no reason to understand, no will to determine. It is those who are behind the juke boxes that must be talked to in a fatherly way; and if the fatherly way does not work, then in a menacing way. Who are behind the juke boxes? Primarily, the bands that create the pieces. And who is behind the bands? None other than the band leader. He is the man that must be ferreted out like a mouse in a cellar. He is the man who must have the baton wrested from his hand and the tinsel crown toppled from his head.

But away with the metaphorical. This is a practical age. Suggestions are in order for the demolition of juke boxes by means of the demolition of the nefarious instrument of juke boxes — the band leader. At such times as these there is only one suggestion in order. All others are outlawed by the Constitution and the Geneva Conference. The right and proper suggestion is to induct these men into the army, and especially into that branch of the army known as the infantry; that branch of the army which is motorized from the hips down and wins all wars. The moans of the horn will give way to the moans of the lips. The tears of the trombone will succumb to the tears of the eyes. And the ache of the drum will be supplanted by the ache in the back.

Yes, let them, band leaders one and all, be inducted into the army,

and put through the same regime that those are put through who cannot tell a note from a nose or Benny Goodman from Garibaldi. Do not make the course any more rigorous than it is for the ordinary soldier. Just let it run along according to schedule, and all inclinations to indulge in African noises will henceforth and forever cease.

Two four mile marches daily at 140 steps a minute, with one twenty-five mile march a week at 130 steps a minute will go far both figuratively and literally. Problems carried out in the dead of night in territory that only recently has felt the embrace of angry skies will also help. And the vigilant eye of superior officers will be best of all.

These are but a few haphazard examples. They are unnecessary. The daily regime of the soldier is sufficient to give all men balance who were lacking balance before. It clears the head of cobwebs; it sweeps from the brain the fumes of foolishness; it brings back health to crippled tissues of the soul. And that is what is needed by band-leaders of the African school. They have lost all perspective, all touch with reality. They have even come to the point of confusing noise with music. In an older day that would have been sufficient proof to give such men stout guards to watch them carefully lest they come to harm or bring harm to others.

ANYWAY, it will stop the blaring of juke boxes while sacrificing Americans are eating breakfast in cafes and cafeterias. It will make the hardships of war just a little less hard. And it will enable all men of good will to smile even in their grits.

### Comfort for 4F's

Father Brockmeier in the *Western Catholic* points out, for the comfort of husky young men who have been surprised and dismayed to find themselves listed 4F, that many of the world's greatest military figures would likewise have fallen down before a modern medical board. Thus 4F would have been chalked up against:

\* Ghengis Khan for paranoia.  
Julius Caesar for epilepsy.  
General Grant for alcoholism.  
Napoleon for duodenal ulcer.  
Nelson for possessing only one eye and one arm.  
Wellington for being underweight.  
Bismarck for fatty heart.  
The Kaiser for having a withered arm.

## WOMEN ON BATTLEFRONTS

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In the midst of cruelty and barbarism, one clear light of gentleness and mercy shines forth. It is carried by women of whom all their sex should be proud.

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G. J. CORBETT

"IT WAS nice to know that if some Jap put a slug through you, that little Dutch nurse would be waiting there at the field, standing beside the ambulance with the doors all open." The man who wrote those words was not a sissy looking for sympathy. He had been a champion athlete in peace; he was soon to win the coveted Distinguished Flying Cross for his heroic services in the tragic air warfare over Java. He was merely giving voice to the emotions that well up in the hearts of thousands of our fighting men at the sight of a Red Cross nurse.

Whatever you may think about the WAACS, the WAVES, and the SPARS or about female riveters and steamfitters, there is one group of women who have proved their value to the fighting man through long years of up-hill struggle; one group whose heroism on the field of battle and in base hospitals has silenced the censure and criticism of hide-bound militarists who believed that a woman had no place whatsoever in an efficient and effective fighting machine; one group of women who for all the barbarism and bloodshed they have witnessed have remained "ministering angels" precisely because they have retained their feminine heritage through it all. These "ministering angels" are epitomized in the now familiar figure of the war nurse. But it took a long line of heroic, unrecognized, self-sacrificing women to establish her in the position she holds today.

AS LATE as the Civil War there was no well-organized provision in law for female nurses to serve the sick and wounded soldiers. The Medical Department of the Army had been organized in 1818; the Naval Medical unit had been established in 1841; and some directions as to the employment, character, and salary of female nurses had been given in these statutes of establishment. But the whole project of hiring, using, paying, and firing women brought in to attend the sick still remained a matter of personal endeavor with Army and Navy physicians.

Miss Dorothea Linde Dix, an appointee of Secretary of War Stanton, rendered "inestimable service" throughout the War of the States in the interest of the sick, receiving a citation from the War Department at the end of hostilities and laying the foundations of the future Nurse Corps; but her authority amounted to little more than listing "approved nurses," and there was no official recognition of her regime. Nevertheless the foundations had been laid; time would do the rest.

A glance back at those early days presents an interesting and somewhat shocking picture of what the forerunners of our modern nurses had to endure in performing their heroic task of proving to Uncle Sam his need of female nurses. We must remember all the while that these good women were not trained nurses but sweethearts and mothers who had come to attend their own loved ones and had stayed to nurse the whole regiment.

The beloved Louisa May Alcott served in this capacity for six weeks at the Union Hotel Hospital in Georgetown, D. C., until her health gave out under the strain. She has recorded her impressions in her own inimitable style in *Hospital Sketches*. Let her describe her nursing day: "Up at six, dress by gaslight, run through my ward and throw up the windows, though the men grumble and shiver; but the air is bad enough to breed a pestilence; and as no notice is taken of our frequent appeals for better ventilation, I must do what I can. Poke up the fire, add blankets, joke, coax and command; but continue to open doors and windows as if life depended upon it. Mine does, and doubtless many another, for a more perfect pestilence box than this house I never saw — cold, damp, dirty, full of vile odors from wounds, kitchens, wash-rooms, and stables. No competent head, male or female, to right matters, and a jumble of good, bad, and indifferent nurses, surgeons, and attendants, to complicate the chaos still more. (Then comes breakfast, not any too inviting.) Till noon I trot, trot, giving out rations, cutting up food for helpless 'boys,' washing faces, teaching my attendants how beds are made or floors are swept, dressing wounds, taking Dr. F. P.'s orders (privately wishing all the time that he would be more gentle with my big babies), dusting tables, sewing bandages, keeping my tray tidy, rushing up and down after pillows, bed-linens, sponges, books, and directions, till it seems as if I would joyfully pay down all I possess for fifteen minutes' rest."

THE nurses of that day were a spirited lot whose very opportunism endeared them to all who had the good fortune to be served by them in the primitive military hospitals of that day. Miss Woolley thus describes her sister's womanly way of taking things into her own hands:

"One night a nurse came hurrying up to G., with the word, 'There's a man dying in Ward — ! we can't do anything for him.' 'Has he taken anything since he came in?' 'No'm, can't eat nothin', doctor says mustn't give him no stimulants, stomach's too weak.' 'I'll have a look at him,' says G. — and after the nurse goes out — 'the surgeon doesn't know a bronchitis from a broken leg. There's not a man in that ward who ought to die. If he is dying, he is dying of starvation.' She hunts up the doctor and asks if wine-whey, the lightest of stimulants, may be tried. Doctor didn't know what it was, but had no objections; 'man couldn't live anyhow.' The man took the cupful eagerly, was 'out of danger' in the morning, got well — the doctor directing the nurse to be very particular to 'give him his wine-whey reg'lar' —, went back to the field, and helped take Richmond."

"Mother" Bickerdyke carved a niche for herself as one truly heroic figure in Sherman's much maligned march through Georgia. An associate of hers writes: "She accompanied Sherman's corps in their expedition to Jackson, and amid all the hardships and exposures of the field, ministered to the sick and wounded. Cooking for them in the open air, under the burning sun and the heavy dews, she was much exposed to the malarious fevers of that sickly climate, but her admirable constitution enabled her to endure fatigue and exposure better even than most of the soldiers. Though always neat and cleanly in person, she was indifferent to the attractions of dress, and amid the flying sparks from her fires in the open air, her calico dresses would often take fire, and as she expressed it, 'the soldiers would put her out.' In this way it happened that she had not a single dress which had not been more or less riddled by these sparks." Learning of her sad plight, the Chicago Sanitary Commission determined to replenish her wardrobe. Mrs. Bickerdyke received the donation gratefully, and immediately commenced trading off the finely-wrought dresses and night-gowns for butter, eggs, and other delicacies for the sick and wounded. Many an injured soldier on that historic expedition found himself decked out in lace bandages and ruffled slings cut from Mrs. Bickerdyke's plentiful petticoats.

Miss Clara Barton, foundress of the American Red Cross, also

served with the armies during the Civil War, but never as a hospital nurse under governmental supervision. She operated a private agency that undertook to aid the sick and wounded both on the battlefield and behind the lines. It was in carrying out this courageous work that the first seed of the future American Red Cross was planted. It was soon to spring up and bear glorious fruit.

During these years, too, a volunteer corps of female nurses served with the American Navy. Aboard the "Red Rover," tiny forebear of our gigantic hospital ships of today, these women carried on their mission of mercy. The whispered comments of the mid-Victorian prudes of the day — "Tsk, tsch, women in the Navy! The idea!" — were drowned out by the chorus of approval that was heard when the effects of their work became known.

**B**UT no appraisal of the heroic forerunners of the modern military nurse would be complete if mention were not made of the original "Angels of the Battlefield." These were the Catholic Sister-nurses who tended the sick and dying irrespective of creed, color, or political affiliations, and won for themselves the undying gratitude of both the boys in blue and the boys in gray. Among the various orders that distinguished themselves in this service were Mother Seton's Sisters of Charity, Mother Angela's Sisters of the Holy Cross, the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Ursulines. These Sisters provided the only groups of truly trained nurses available at the time, and they left behind them the legend of heroic, self-sacrificing courage under fire that has become the ideal and inspiration of the military nurse of today. The mute monument that stands on the corner of Rhode Island Avenue and M Street NW, Washington, D. C., is hardly a fitting memorial of these remarkable "Angels of the Battlefield."

Years passed, and the heroic attempts of these Civil War nurses to prove their value to Uncle Sam's military machine were well nigh forgotten until suddenly the war god again let fly his shafts upon peaceful America. Again the citizenry responded to the call to arms, this time against Spain; again thousands of American women, knowing by some indefinable intuition that the Spanish war would be fought on sick beds, offered their services to the War Department. Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee was put in charge of the applicants; and under her supervision, a corps of trained nurses followed the fighting men of '98 to camp.

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hospitals both at home and abroad, to Cuba, to Puerto Rico, to Hawaii and the Philippines. Again the nurses proved their worth and this time the proof was accepted. For on February 2, 1901, shortly after the close of the war, the Army Nurse Corps was established as an integral part of the Medical Department of the United States Army. Seven years later, in 1908, the Navy followed suit by organizing the Navy Nurse Corps.

Since that date forty-two years ago the nurse corps of both the Army and the Navy have shown military leaders and medical men that their trust was not ill-bestowed. Of the 22,000 nurses who were commissioned in the First Great War, over 10,000 saw service with the American and British Expeditionary Forces. Of these many received citations and decorations from their own government as well as from France, Britain, and other allied nations. It is not unusual to hear some old-timer like Capt. Wm. A. Maguire, U.S.N., present Fleet Chaplain of the Pacific Fleet, reminisce about the old days in France in a strain somewhat like this: "It may interest you to know that the most heroic person I met in those days was a little red-headed nurse from North Carolina." Then follows the familiar tale of heroic devotion to duty in the face of death in a disease-ridden pesthouse behind the lines in France. Women like the little red-headed nurse have helped to fashion the enviable reputation and high standard of efficiency that is now the hallmark of the Army and Navy Nurse Corps.

**I**N THE present conflict, the nurse corps has again given the lie to the old bromide about women being the weaker sex. Over 27,000 registered nurses are serving with the armed forces; the exact number of these serving overseas with the Army and Navy cannot, of course, be divulged. But we can safely surmise that the nurses have followed the fighting man wherever he has carried his gun; into the jungles of New Guinea, into the wastes of Alaska and Greenland, into the sandy hell of North Africa, in the air with the paratroops and the air evacuation units, on the land with the field and post hospital units, on the sea with the hospital ships fittingly christened the S.S.Solace and the S.S.Relief. Already in the early days of this second Great War, at the bombed Tripler General Hospital in the Hawaiian Islands, in the nightmare of strafing on Bataan, in the rocky caves of Corregidor, nurses have proved their value to Uncle Sam. Already scores of them have

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been decorated by their grateful government and canonized by a grateful citizenry. And many more "angels of the battlefield" shall follow these first into the hall of everlasting fame.

Stories of what our modern nurses have endured and are enduring have gradually sifted through to the stay-at-homes, and with each new tale, the already heroic estimate of the war nurse assumes even grander proportions. Out of the tragedy of Bataan came tales of quiet feminine grit that would be unbelievable were they not attested by eye witnesses.

There was "Peggy," an Army nurse on Corregidor, whose courage caught the eye of a tough naval lieutenant, a veteran of several desperate skirmishes with superior Jap forces. "I remember Peggy standing there holding a flashlight on a guy's naked back on the operating table while a doctor probed for some shrapnel in his kidney. You could see her face and those steady blue-green eyes of hers by the light reflected back up from this guy's back, and just then there was a terrific crunching bang—a bomb had landed right outside the tunnel entrance—and with it a sudden blast of air through the tunnel. It wasn't nice, and yet I don't think Peggy's hand even wobbled.

"Presently the lights came on, and we found one hospital-corps man had crawled under a bed. He wasn't even sheepish. 'You're right I was scared,' he said. 'Thought the whole place was coming down on us.' Peggy's flashlight beam on that naked back had not moved. Fine nervy girl to have in a war. Or any other time."

Another nurse thus describes the brutal Jap bombing on the Army hospital at Little Bagio on Bataan and its reaction on the nurses. "It was terrible. Our hospital was demolished completely. Patients were blown up into trees and their bodies were hanging there when I went out. It was all in the jungle, the hospital was. All the beds were demolished except for one small section. Two of our nurses were wounded, but not seriously. They were ordered to Corregidor, and the rest of us set to work immediately rebuilding the hospital."

And today with this tragic episode in American history behind them, the few nurses who escaped from Bataan and Corregidor are not disillusioned pessimists. One thought keeps popping out in every public utterance they make: "I am proud to have been one of Uncle Sam's nurses when I was so desperately needed;" and one desire keeps welling up in their hearts: "When do I return to the front?"

THE latest thing in war nursing is the service now rendered by Army nurses in the new air evacuation units. Over a thousand "Flying Angels" are to be trained at Bowman Field, Ky., to service the giant air ambulances which will carry wounded in need of surgical attention to base hospitals behind the lines. One "Flying Angel," 2nd Lt. Elsie S. Ott, recently became the first woman to win the Army air medal. It was awarded for outstanding service in caring for five seriously ill soldiers on a long flight from India to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. Back in 1930, as a stewardess on a passenger air line, Miss Ellen Church first conceived the idea of caring for sick persons by airplane. Today Miss Church is helping write this new and thrilling chapter in the history of war nursing as a "Flying Angel" in North Africa.

Patients take time out from their suffering to tell Army nurses that they are the most beautiful creatures in all the world. Perhaps they are thinking only of their small, topsy-turvy hospital world; but somehow their words still ring true when applied to the gigantic, topsy-turvy war world of today. Unquestionably the war nurse, whether she be clad in olive-drab or navy blue, is the most beautiful thing war has created.

### Definition of "Luck"

Do I believe in luck? I should say I do. It's a wonderful force. I have watched the careers of too many lucky men to doubt its efficacy. You see some fellow reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellow standing around had not realized was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs on it with a grip that makes the jaws of a bulldog seem like a fairy touch. He calls into play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibility of the situation, has the ambition to desire it, and the courage to tackle it. He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him, and cooperate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He gives freely of what he has, both spiritual and physical things. He thinks a little straighter, works a little harder and a little longer; travels on his nerve and enthusiasm; he gives such service as his best efforts permit. He keeps his head cool, his feet warm, his mind busy. He doesn't worry over trifles. He plans his work and then sticks to it, rain or shine. He talks and acts like a winner, for he knows that in time he will be one. And then—luck does all the rest.—*The Stigmatine.*

## THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

### THE FLEETNESS OF TIME

One of the greatest obstacles to resignation in suffering is lack of sufficient meditation on the swiftness of the flight of time and the passing character of all the joys and comforts of this world. This subject has always been a favorite theme of poets, who are supposed to have a more than ordinary insight into the true values of life. It has also been the starting point of sanctity and perfection for many a soul.

Lack of resignation in suffering and misfortune almost invariably signifies that a person has false and vain dreams of the permanence and completeness of earthly happiness. On both counts the dreams are vain: human happiness in this world is neither permanent nor complete; only an inexperienced child or a witless fool can cling to the conviction that it is.

The dream of lasting earthly happiness is best dissipated by meditating on death. Either in reality or in fancy one should stroll frequently through a cemetery, and let the lives of those who have long since passed from the world speak their lessons to the soul. "We dreamed and planned," they say, "even as you. We worked and toiled. We knew fame and fortune. We married and gave in marriage. We bore children and lived anew in them. But it seems now that we barely touched the earth in passing. Read the legends of our sojourn. Some of us lived eighty, some fifty, some thirty, some only a score of years. How little the numbers seem to matter now! We came and we went; we were born and we died; and the only thing that matters now and will matter forever is in what manner we died!" One hundred years from now the story will be the same for every one now living: for the child and the old man; for the sick and the well; for the gay and the sad. "It was all so short! So quickly did we pass away!"

The dream of complete happiness is best dissipated by glancing about in the world. Where has complete happiness ever been found? Not in those who seem never to know illness; they are worried and anxious about many things. Not in those who achieve fame and success; they never have enough; they are never sure that they can hold what they have attained. Not in those who recognize no law; who permit no barrier to stand between them and pleasure; they know corruption even before death's decay. Only is complete happiness found in those who have settled down to wait for it and to earn it when life is over. And there the shut-in can find it, who has come to be at home with the thought of the swiftness of time and the vanity of all purely earthly dreams.

## THE LATEST IN BERRIES

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You have tasted raspberries (we speak literally) and blackberries and loganberries. Commonplace enough. But what would you think of a berry three times as large as any of them, with the flavors of all three? Here it is.

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R. E. HIRSCH

MOTHERS of Johnny Doughboys, welcoming their hero sons after the unconditional surrender, will strive to outdo their pre-war thoughtfulness. Special efforts will be made to compensate Johnny for the months of army mess, dehydrated foods, and the occasional albatross or shark eaten while rowing across the ocean. Consequently, the tables of American homes will display all the favorite meals made by mother, just as mother used to make them before Pearl Harbor. In addition to the old favorites, however, many a mother will serve a surprise dessert to delight the soldier son. It is likely that Johnny will never before have tasted this dessert, for it is one which has come into widespread popularity only recently. It will be the phenomenal boysenberry.

A Californian by the name of Rudolph Boysen knew the good qualities of the red raspberry, the blackberry and the loganberry; so he decided to unite the three. His first attempt resulted in a berry superior in flavor to that of any other berry, but this did not satisfy him. At a later date he succeeded in producing a berry deeper in color than any other, but still his labors continued. Finally, at the end of seven long years, Rudolph Boysen developed a berry larger than any other vine berry grown. It was not only a better berry than any one of the former species; it was the best. And so about ten years ago the boysenberry came into existence in the sunny state of California.

Almost three years later the boysenberry changed homes, when it was bought from Mr. Boysen by the famous Knott's Berry Place near Mentone, California. It was from here that the new berry was introduced to the world at large.

THE boysenberry did not make its debut at night clubs or at society luncheons, but under the crisp brown crusts of pies served with hot coffee at homely restaurants and roadside lunch counters along

California's highways. At once people took to this luscious berry. But had not Providence intervened, the boysenberry might have remained a resident of California only. It was soon to travel to many other states where a far greater future was in store for it.

It all came about through the service of Irene Jarvis, a girl from a Michigan farm, who first worked in a Chicago office, and later in a Detroit office of a refrigerator company. She worked in the advertising department, having charge of the test-recipes. One day while sorting recipes she came upon one that called for boysenberries. Not knowing what sort of berry this was, she asked others in the office. None knew. Since the clipping was from California, she wrote to the fruit inspection department of that state. In reply she learned that the famous horticulturist, Rudolph Boysen, had developed a remarkable bramble fruit by a complicated intercrossing of the common blackberry, the red raspberry and the none-too-hardy loganberry, and that the berry was being propagated in a small area of southern California, near Mentone.

She considered the idea of growing these berries on the hundred and five acres of farmland at Lapeer, Michigan, which she had inherited a year previously. Although she was informed that the boysenberry could not stand the severe northern winter, still she could find no one who had tested this supposition.

Then it was that she read a report that boysenberries contain twenty-five percent more juice than any other bramble fruit, and that their juice contains more vitamin C than an equal amount of orange juice. On learning this, she decided to attempt to grow these berries on her farm. If successful she intended to market the fruits for juice. Through a friend in California she purchased what she thought was a small planting, fifteen hundred plants, and had them set out on her farm in the spring of 1936. She was later to learn that fifteen hundred plants were far from a small planting.

After a year of absentee management, Miss Jarvis returned to her farm to devote her full time to this endeavor. All fifteen hundred of her plants had survived the first hoary winter. By February of 1938 she had so many orders for boysenberry plants that she determined to sell the plants rather than the fruit.

The business progressed as the fame of the boysenberry spread. Today Irene Jarvis has one of the largest boysenberry plantations west of Oklahoma. Hers was the first State Inspected Boysenberry Plantation

in Michigan. The original fifteen hundred plants have multiplied to well over one hundred thousand plants spread over eight acres. From this adopted home of the boysenberry, plants have been sent to forty-three states. Thus it can be seen that Irene Jarvis has been largely responsible for the spread of Rudolph Boysen's famous hybrid.

THE virtues of the boysenberry are many. It has an average size of more than an inch and a fourth in diameter, and in length it varies from two to two and a half inches, in which are combined the delectable flavors of all three parent berries. It is a godsend for owners of false teeth, because for all practical purpose it is seedless. The core is very small. Its color is the rich royal maroon of the loganberry; it tastes like the delicious red raspberry; and has the shape of the blackberry. Another remarkable feature of the boysenberry is this, it is hardy enough to adapt itself to the climate of most of our states.

A description of the boysenberry would not be complete unless a few words were mentioned about its prolificness. The berry grows on very long canes like those of the grape, many of the brambles being as long as thirty-five feet. A single cluster may consist of three to eight berries with the average cluster bearing five. It is well deserving of the name "California's best berry bet." Fifty luscious boysenberries fill a quart. Imagine the profit from a single acre of these berries. An acre consists of four hundred and thirty five plants, yielding about six tons or about seven thousand quarts. A few years ago boysenberries sold for thirty cents a quart. At the present, due to an increase of growers, the price is slightly lower. But even by selling the berries for fifteen cents a quart a grower could still net over a thousand dollars per acre.

Just as every rose has its thorns, so also has the boysenberry plant. However, Walter Knott introduced a thornless boysenberry plant. Of late this type has been strongly advocated, though it has been proven that they are neither as hardy nor as fruitful as the thorny plant, not to mention that the thornless plant is more expensive. The thorny plant is not so bothersome as one is lead to believe. After the trellising is completed, the briars are of little trouble, for the berries form in clusters and stand apart from the canes. Eventually, however, this thornless variety may be developed so that it will be as hardy and productive as its older brother.

Boysenberry plants have decided advantages over most fruit bearing

plants, for the boysenberry season begins about the first of July and lasts until Labor Day. Nor are the demands on the soil very great. The chief requisite is a well drained plot of ground. The soil need not be rich. During the coldest part of the winter season, however, the plants must be covered with mulch.

The possibilities for the boysenberry are many. They can be grown across a garage or along a fence marking off a cottage half acre. Not even a half acre is necessary. A few feet in the back yard will do for a half dozen plants. These will keep the ordinary family well supplied with fresh berries for the two months of their bearing season.

THE boysenberry has another guarantee of a prosperous future in the health-quest of the American people and the current vitamin fad. Statistics prove that the health of the nation has been greatly improved by fruit juices. By advertising, the use of orange juice has been increased well over eight hundred per cent in the last fifteen years. It so happens that the boysenberry contains twenty-five per cent more juice than any other bramble fruit, and the juice contains more vitamin C than an equal amount of orange juice. Its possibilities are great, because it is something new, something different, and because the juice is not only deliciously palatable, but exceedingly healthy.

A new drink called Caltone, made exclusively out of boysenberry juice, is sold not only in the United States but also abroad. It requires only eight and a half quarts of fresh berries to produce one gallon of juice. However, it is not likely that much juice will be sold undiluted for a long time to come.

Even science has interested itself in this berry. Chemists have discovered that boysenberry juice can be diluted twenty times and still retain its flavor. This juice is ideal for blending purposes, and it will be used extensively in the blending of grapes, berry and vegetable juices. Soon your favorite soda fountain will present you with this ambrosian delicacy.

Housewives welcome the boysenberry. A most delicious jam can be made from it. Under-ripe berries have enough pectin and acid to make a jelly with only the addition of sugar. Any person who has once tasted boysenberry preserves becomes a confirmed lover of the fruit. It is needless to mention that innumerable desserts can be prepared from these berries. Nor must boysenberry pie be overlooked, for it was boy-

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senberry pies sold at California lunch stands that gave this berry its first boost up the ladder of fame. Today motorists can find boysenberry pie served any place from a little lunchroom to a leading hotel or club.

On the Pacific Coast today there are tons and tons of boysenberries being frozen for hotel and consumer trade. The demand for boysenberries in the middle-west and east is so tremendous that the canning of boysenberries must be postponed by freezing them.

The method most commonly used in California today is thoroughly to wash the berries, and then pour them onto large trays to a depth of one berry. Next they are stored in a temperature of five degrees below zero for a period of twenty four hours. Then the berries are ready to be packed in thirty pound enamel jars for the restaurant, hotel, or bakery trade.

Many small concerns, families and the like, prefer the "quick freezing" method. The berries are placed on large aluminum trays and are frozen like so many marbles. Then, they are packed in 'frozen' food lockers from which they can be sold to hotels, restaurants, ice cream manufacturers, confectioners, commercial pie bakers, canners and preservers.

THE nationwide popularity of the boysenberry has been attained despite present war conditions. When normal conditions return, the boysenberry will almost certainly outdo its most promising indications. The cultivation of boysenberries received a serious check when the young manhood of America was called to uniform, for some of the most successful growers had been young men just out of high school who were particularly interested in agriculture and horticulture. Another difficulty preventing the normal progress of boysenberries is the impossibility of packing large quantities in cans and jars. As yet, only a conjecture can be made regarding the wide use which will be found in the post war era for boysenberry flour. The career of the boysenberry, which began when travelers at roadside stands in California began asking for second and third helpings of the new berry-pie, is still in its initial stage. An even more sensational period of progress will begin on the day after victory.

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Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made  
all other mothers venerable. — *Richter*.

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## FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

*Complaint:* My wife is constantly taking sides with the children against me in things I deem necessary for their good. I realize that I am inclined to be strict; I see so much evil in the lives of other young people that I am determined my children will not be spoiled or perverted. But I get no cooperation. I know I'm right, but what can I do?

*Solution:* From the manner in which you phrase your complaint I have my doubts as to how completely you are in the right. The end you have in view is beyond all argument; every parent should be determined that his children will be spared the all too common moral disintegration of the youth of today. But that will never be accomplished simply by a hard, dictatorial, unyielding attitude in regard to the pastimes of youth. Young people are not saved from sin by being locked up in a home, thundered at if they want to go to a dance or a show or a party, suspected of evil every time they spend an evening outside their home. I have a strong suspicion that these are the methods you are inclined to use to shield them from the popular sins of the day. Your end is good, but your means, if such they are, are bad. You cannot expect a growing youth to accept your false estimate of the world: that there is nothing good in it, that there are no innocent pleasures in which your children can take part; that the world will corrupt them if you let them out of your sight. Far better to earn their confidence, to instruct them about the dangers, to trust them as having some sense of responsibility themselves. These may well be the aims of your wife, which you call "taking sides with the children against you."

On the other hand, it may be that your wife is weak and lax in some of the important things. If she is not concerned with where the children go or with the character of their companions, if she favors their sitting around in darkened parlors far into the night, if she encourages drinking and tavern-frequenting, then you have a legitimate complaint. Even then it will do no good to act like a tyrant and rant and rave. Better far to bend down to their level, to show them a good time of your own accord once in a while, to prove how much you want them to be happy, and then to use the confidence thus gained to convince them of the evils that are endangering their lives.

## **OPEN LETTER**

### **TO YOUNG PEOPLE (16 to 18)**

Dear Friends:

No doubt you have been taking notice of the many and varied appeals that are being made to you to join in the war effort of your country in some more or less glamorous capacity. If you are a girl, you can hardly have missed the advertisements, posters and radio announcements which keep telling you how much you can do for your country as a WAAC or a WAVE or a SPAR or an auxiliary marine. The Nurses' Corps is also anxious to enlist you, as is the Red Cross. If you are a young man in high school or college, you have probably heard speeches in the classroom and received information through the mail as to how simple it will be to become an officer in the army or navy if you sign up now and take certain specialized courses through the remainder of your school term. You are giving much thought to the opportunities thus placed before you. I know that many of you will utilize the opportunities both for your own and your country's welfare.

At first sight, what I am going to propose to you in this letter will seem slightly unpatriotic. It will seem that I am trying to reduce the number of those who are willing to do something outstanding for the nation in its hour of need. As a matter of fact, however, what I propose is the highest patriotism in the world. Of course it is not for all of you. It is so high and exalted that it cannot be expected that more than a few will be equal to it. But the reason I write is because I am afraid that even some of those few are missing it in the midst of the less noble opportunities that are open to them now.

Here is my proposal: that before you sign up to become a WAAC or a WAVE, or before you contract to enter an Officers' Training School, you give long and serious thought to how much more you can do for your country by becoming a member of its spiritual armed forces, i.e., a priest or a missionary, a teaching or nursing or catechizing Sister. Don't stop me by saying that you have thought that over, or that it can wait until you have contributed your services directly to victory and peace in the army or navy. I'll wager that there are many angles to the proposal that you have never thought about at all.

You say you have thought it over. Maybe you did, in a rather vague

and general way. But have you ever thought of this: that as a priest or a Sister or even a religious Brother, you can contribute more to the safeguarding of democracy and the perpetuation of peace than any general or statesman or national leader? The reason is this: democracy rests squarely and only on the belief of a nation or people in God. Democracy is the social philosophy which maintains that individual human beings are important, they have rights and liberties that nobody can take away, *because their first obligation in life is to serve God and save their souls*. Anybody who maintains that there is no God and no soul, cannot believe in true democracy because he cannot have an adequate motive for believing that individual human beings are important and free.

We say that we are fighting this war for human rights and liberties, for the honor of the individual man, in short, for democracy. Yet we have millions of citizens in the land who cannot believe in democracy because they practice no belief in God. What good will it do to win this war in the name of democracy, if after it is over we are to find that there are not enough people in the country to maintain democracy? What good will it do to become a WAAC or a WAVE or an ensign or a Second Lieutenant, and to give two or three of the best years of your life to help win the war, if you are to come back and find that you did not win anything worthwhile? You may be sure it won't be the last war in your lifetime, and the peace that follows it won't be a real peace, unless tens of thousands of citizens are taught both their dependence on God and the rights and privileges and liberties that come to them from their relationship to God.

That is where you come in as a member of the spiritual armed forces. You will sign up, not "for the duration and six months," not for two years or three years; you will sign up for life. And your whole life will consist of waging a war against the worst enemies of your country, viz., atheism, agnosticism, unbelief, naturalism, selfishness and sin. Even though the nation does not recognize the fact, you will be more important to its safety and prosperity and peace than many squadrons of bombers, and many regiments of soldiers.

But you may look even farther than that. You may look upon your work as a priest or Sister or catechist as truly international. Everybody is talking about the new internationalism that has to be established after the war. They tell us that all the continents and nations of the world

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have been brought so close together by the development of speedy air transport, that we have to build up a unity among them such as has never been known before. Put this down in your book of memories and remember it, even though you yourself do not accept the proposal I am making: there will be no unity among nations, no foundation for peaceful relations, unless it be built on belief in God and mutual dependence on Him. Would you not like to have a part in creating that unity? You won't be able to do very much about it as a WAVE or a SPAR or an officer in the reserves. In fact as such you will be anxious only to come home and forget all about the war and its problems. But as a missionary priest or Sister you will be one of the keystones of international unity. You will be woefully weak in numbers. You will be needed — for peace — not only in China, Japan, India, Africa; they will be calling for you in Poland, Russia, even France, Holland, Germany. South America will beg you to come to its millions of abandoned and teach them how to work for peace by living for God. Others will sit at conference tables and try to devise political programs of peace; but every program will fail and be forgotten unless there be enough of you, who are young men and young women now, ready at that time to give to the peoples of the whole world God's program for peace.

Of course such a life requires a high degree of sacrifice and idealism, but American Catholic youth is rich in both. It requires strong personal faith, freedom from worldliness and vice, formed habits of prayer, and a willingness to turn one's back on the joys and compensations the world can offer. We have seen all these qualities in hundreds of young men and young women. Perhaps you who read this letter possess them, and have even wondered how you might invest them in the noblest cause. The cause is ready made for you. Think it over. Pray over it. And if we can help you reach a decision, do not hesitate to drop us a line.

Yours for God and souls and peace,

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

### Continued Story

\* When Thomas Scott's *Philomythie* was being printed in 1616, the printer unfortunately lost part of the copy. It happened that the author was away from London at the time, and the printer could not reach him, so he simply went ahead with the book, leaving a blank of 64 lines. A footnote advised curious readers that the deficiency would be supplied in the next edition. And so it was. \*

## THE CASE FOR THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

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An analysis of one of the strongest articles in favor of conscientious objectors against the present war. Its strength rapidly disappears.

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R. J. MILLER

WE AMERICAN Catholics have more or less taken it for granted that the American cause is a just one in the present war, and have not bothered to go into great detail examining the precise reasons why we do take it for granted.

But now comes Father John J. Hugo of Pittsburgh, writing in the May issue of the *Catholic Worker* of New York. Under the heading "*Catholics Can Be Conscientious Objectors*," he blames us for not going more deeply into a discussion of the reasons for this belief that is in us, and gives many reasons why Catholics can and even must be conscientious objectors.

We cannot help admiring Fr. Hugo's courage in stating an unpopular thesis so bravely and openly. His article, moreover, is well written, and on first reading seems to make out a pretty good case for the conscientious objector. On more careful reading, however, it reveals not a few very damaging weaknesses at the most critical points in its structure. We believe it useful to expose these weaknesses; for we agree with Father Hugo that there has not been sufficient study in the Catholic Press of the problem of Catholic participation in the war from the viewpoint of conscience, and feel that a careful exposition of the weakness of Fr. Hugo's arguments—which are no doubt among the best that could be brought forward against the war—will serve as a positive contribution towards clarifying the conscientious position of American Catholics on World War II.

### I.

First of all, some clarification of the term "Catholic conscientious objector" is needed. A Catholic cannot be a conscientious objector to all war; nor can he be a conscientious objector to all modern war; the only possibility is that he might conceivably be a conscientious objector to the American side of this particular war.

A Catholic cannot, as a Catholic, object to all war on conscientious

grounds, i.e., as opposed to the teaching and practice of the Catholic religion. While the Church has done more for peace throughout her history than any other institution in the annals of mankind, she is by no means a pacifist organization. Her own practice, and the official teaching of her greatest theologians, are all to the contrary.

In her practice, the Church has canonized professional soldiers, ordered prayers for victory in war, established feasts to commemorate victories in war, even taken part in wars herself.

Alban Butler, author of the greatest "Lives of the Saints" ever written in English, says that the Church honors more soldiers among her Saints than she does people from any other condition or state of life. The *Angelus* was originally a prayer indulgenced and recommended by the Popes to be said three times a day for the success of the wars against the Turks; the *Salve Regina* was also a favorite Crusaders' prayer. The feasts of the Transfiguration and of the Holy Name of Mary, still celebrated in the Roman Liturgy, were established to commemorate victories over the Turks, and the title "Help of Christians" was added to the Litany of Our Lady to commemorate the victory of Lepanto. The Popes actively promoted the wars of the crusades: as late as 1778, Pope Pius VI was attempting to arouse the Christian princes of Europe to engage in wars against the Turks.

The teaching of her theologians has also indicated that the Church is not a "conscientious objector" to all war. St. Thomas Aquinas, the prince of them all, is quite clear on this point. Fr. Hugo minimizes the authority of St. Thomas by saying that "he lays it down as an abstract ethical truth that war is justified if certain conditions are fulfilled," leaving the impression that St. Thomas spoke in the nebulous realms of philosophical abstraction, without contact or reference to war in the concrete. But in the thirteenth century, the heretical sect of the Manicheans was a very prominent and practical factor in real life, and one of the notorious tenets of this heresy was that all war was unjust, since Christ had said: "All those who take the sword will perish by the sword." And as evidence that he was very much in contact with real war in his day, the first objection that St. Thomas disposes of against his teaching that war is sometimes allowed, is precisely this objection of the Manicheans from the words of our Lord. And Victoria, the great Catholic authority on International Law and War, lays it down as hardly needing proof that defensive war is always allowed, and then

goes on to give the reasons justifying even an offensive war.

Nor can a Catholic be a conscientious objector to all modern war. Fr. Hugo, it is true, alleges certain statements of a group of modern theologians who hold or held that modern war is always wrong. But the assertions of this group of more or less obscure and more or less well-qualified individuals do not square with the stand of the Head of the Church, the Pope himself, on modern war. Pius XI indicated repeatedly during the Spanish War 1936-38, that the Spanish Nationalists were fighting a just war; in an Encyclical in 1937 he laid down the conditions which justify insurrection against a tyrannical government, and hence which also justify any war; and Pius XII in his letters to the King of Belgium, the Queen of Holland, and the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, after the Nazi invasion in 1940, clearly indicated that the peoples of these countries were in the right in resisting this invasion.

## II.

Hence a Catholic conscientious objector in the United States today can base his stand only on the fact that this particular war is unjust as far as the United States is concerned.

It will be a hardy man, however, who ventures to take such a stand, and mighty and obvious will have to be the reasons that impel him to it. There never was a war in American history which was supported by such unanimity as the present one; Congress voted it with only one dissenting vote, and that was obviously a vote of sentiment; and the American people were never so united as they are in the present conflict. The American Bishops, too, declared in their statement, *Victory and Peace*, of November 14, 1942: "At times it is the positive duty of a nation to wage war in defense of life and right. *Our country now finds itself in such circumstances.*" And they add: "In every diocese prayers have been incessantly offered, *pleading for a victory* which will have the sanction of infinite justice." (Fr. Hugo says that "many Bishops have not thought fit to make public statements on the war at all." We venture to question the accuracy of this statement. In our opinion, *not many* Bishops have failed to address their flocks on the war: at least, we should like to have Fr. Hugo tell us *how many* have failed to do so.)

Such overwhelming agreement of civil and religious authority and public opinion unquestionably creates *the strongest presumption* in favor of the justice of the American cause, to say nothing of the significance

and weight of civil and religious authority taken *as authority*. Fr. Hugo, however, minimizes the force of this general agreement by appealing to the example of St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher, who stood almost alone in England in denouncing Henry VIII's repudiation of his lawful wife Catherine and his marriage with Anne Boleyn, when almost the whole country, civil and religious, were in agreement against them. The example does not apply, however, for St. Thomas and St. John had behind them the unequivocal support of the greatest religious authority in the world, the Pope of Rome. In the present case, the Pope has not spoken at all on the justice of the American cause; he has left the guidance of American Catholic consciences to the religious authorities in America, i.e., the Catholic Hierarchy.

Any man in the United States, therefore, who takes a stand against the justice of the American cause is standing very much alone with his conscience and the reasons that support it; and extraordinary must be the reasons which would firmly establish such a stand.

### III.

What are Fr. Hugo's reasons?

The present war is unjust, he says, because it is an economic war; and it is an economic war because everybody knows it is; because Benedict XV gave this as a cause of World War I in the Encyclical *Ad Beatissimi*; because Pius XI, in the Encyclical *Caritate Christi Compulsi* gives it as a cause why the nations were preparing for war; and in regard to the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor, that was no more a cause of the present war than the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand was a cause of World War I.

Such are the main reasons given to support the stand that World War II is unjust for Americans. To our mind, they form a most vague and flimsy basis, altogether insufficient to support an attitude of resistance to lawful authority, especially when the authority is backed by practically universal agreement on the part of religious authority and popular opinion.

For what does Fr. Hugo mean by "an economic war?" He gives no explanation of the term, although it is the most important thing in the structure of his argument, except a vague reference to "wars waged to defend the holdings of national or international capitalists." Such vagueness does not give strength!

And even granted that the term means something definitely unjust,

Fr. Hugo does not make it plain that the United States is guilty of this injustice: he says "modern wars come from economic causes" in general, without mentioning the United States at all. Again, an extraordinary vagueness at an important point in the argument.

His proofs, moreover, for the fact that this is an economic war (granting again that it means something definitely unjust) are anything but convincing. "Everybody says so," is the first proof, — another vague and weak generalization precisely where definiteness and strength are needed: and we question whether it is even a fact that everybody does say so. Besides, Fr. Hugo has just got through saying that a general agreement of people on a subject like this cannot be taken as a reliable guide for conscience; so it certainly should be a very weak prop for his conscientious objections!

And Benedict XV wrote *Ad Beatissimi* in 1914 about World War I, while Pius XI wrote *Caritate Christi Compulsi* in 1932 about the depression; certainly there can be no great strength in a proof or an argument drawn from these Encyclicals of years gone by, when it is a question of establishing the rights or wrongs of World War II, begun, as far as the United States is concerned, in 1941. (Nor can it be objected that this is precisely what we have done in the first part of this article, when we cited the past record of the Church to show that she is not a pacifist organization in general; for there it was a matter of showing the *general* attitude of the Popes with regard to war, whereas Fr. Hugo here quotes Encyclicals concerned with *past particular* events in opposition to *this particular* event. The weakness of such a procedure is clear).

At first sight the comparison between the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and the attack on Pearl Harbor seems to have some force; but a careful consideration of the two cases — and a conscientious objector is surely bound to give careful consideration to all the grounds or proofs for his stand — shows that there is no true parallel in the cases at all. The assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand was the act of a private individual; it was not an act of war, nor of public authority; the public authorities of the various nations entered the scene only later. Whereas the attack on Pearl Harbor was a real act of war, the act of a government actually putting itself at war with the United States, — actually attacking the United States *as a nation*. The assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand was only the *occasion* for World War I; but with Pearl Harbor, the war with Japan *had actually begun*. An attempted

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parallel between the two cases certainly gives no strength to the stand of the conscientious objector.

Fr. Hugo also appeals to a declaration of "the theologians" that to be just, a war must be waged in a spirit of justice and love. It is true that a Christian must love his enemies; but this love does not mean that there is to be no force or violence in war (as Fr. Hugo seems to imply). And the fact that some soldiers and officers go beyond the bounds of charity and justice in war does not render the entire war unjust.

### IV.

Such are Fr. Hugo's reasons why the present war is unjust. It is difficult to see how they can establish the absolute degree of certainty that is required for an individual American citizen and Catholic to put himself at variance with the prescriptions of the authority of the American government and the declarations of the American hierarchy.

But Fr. Hugo goes farther still. He questions the authority of the American government to conscript citizens for the war, and the right of the American hierarchy to decide on the justice of the war.

"Obedience," he says in general, "cannot be invoked to deprive men of the rights and duties of conscience." This is very true. But it is also true that conscience is not the ultimate norm of human rights and duties; conscience is only the application of the prescriptions of lawful authority by an individual to his own individual acts. Conscience, as a matter of fact, *depends on* lawful authority. It is certainly not a law to itself. It can refuse to obey earthly authority only when it is clear that earthly authority is contrary to the higher authority of God Himself. On this point Fr. Hugo seems vague if not inaccurate.

In particular, he questions whether the American government can be considered lawful authority as regards the present war. "Subjects are not bound," he says, "by the unjust laws of civil authority. *This is exactly the crux of the present matter.*"

Exactly; it is the crux of the whole matter. The reasons, then, which impel a Catholic to act contrary to civil authority must make it overwhelmingly certain that the authority has exceeded just limits. For, according to Catholic teaching, civil authority comes from God, and Catholics are bound in conscience to obey its laws. The presumption favors the law as against the individual citizen, since the law's authority is God's authority and the individual citizen must obey God's authority.

A ruler, however, who would pass *unjust* laws would not be doing

so in virtue of the authority he received from God, and hence the people would not be bound to obey him; and similarly, a ruler who would levy commands *beyond the field assigned to him by God's authority* would not be commanding in virtue of God's authority, and the people would again have no obligation to obey. But in both cases, the individual citizen would have to be *absolutely certain* that the ruler has passed an unjust law, or gone beyond the limits of his authority.

Fr. Hugo does not *directly* apply the first of these principles — which are perfectly reasonable and true in themselves — to the United States government and the present war. He says in general: "If a Catholic considers a war unjust, he has not only the *right* to be a conscientious objector; he has a very serious *duty* to be one." The implication is, of course, that this war may be considered unjust for the American side. But no further reasons are given to support this possible consideration beyond those alleged above (i.e., that this is an economic war, and that it violates charity); and it has been seen how vague and weak those reasons are.

In regard to the point of a government's exceeding its powers, he is a little more direct. He gives two reasons tending to show that the American government has exceeded its powers in the present war: 1) propaganda was spread before the war tending to "coerce consciences and force men to a particular decision;" and 2) conscription, since it means "forcing men into military careers and a celibate condition of life," is an unjust invasion by the government of the natural personal rights of individual citizens; and he cites St. Thomas in support of this latter view.

The "propaganda" argument, however, is extremely vague and general, besides being of very questionable accuracy as a general statement. It certainly has not the strength required to justify an individual citizen in judging himself free from the obligation of his country's laws.

The conscription argument is novel as an application of the doctrine of St. Thomas on civil authority versus individual rights. Fr. Hugo, however, declares that "St. Thomas did not know of military conscription as we have it," — which is hardly correct; for in the Middle Ages, the serfs were forced or bound to enter military service whenever the lord of the manor wanted them for his wars. This was *nothing but* conscription under some other name; but it was an accepted and familiar part of medieval life, and St. Thomas never has a word to say against

it as an institution. His authority, therefore, cannot be cited to give strength to the stand of the conscientious objector against conscription; and since the whole argument is based on his authority, it becomes greatly weakened if not destroyed when we consider that if he were alive today he would probably approve conscription as a modern application of the old principle of the obligations of the people to their rulers.

V.

Fr. Hugo then questions the extent of the authority of the American hierarchy in speaking on the war. His arguments come down to the following. 1) Their pronouncements are not infallible; 2) they have made no "definite doctrinal pronouncements" or "precise legislation binding in conscience" on the subject of the war; 3) human law, including ecclesiastical law, cannot bind the conscience; 4) only the Pope (and perhaps not even he) can make a decision as to the justice of a particular war; 5) at most, the Bishops' pronouncements are *permissive*; Catholics are not *bound* to follow them, "nor by doing so are they morally certain of the justice of the war."

These points are drawn rather fine, and almost remind one of a lawyer holding up a case on technicalities; but what is more important, they are all weak, and some are incorrect. A Catholic who takes them as his support for acting against the general opinion of the hierarchy, is trusting a broken reed indeed.

Surely the Bishops' statements on the war are not infallible; but a Bishop does not have to be infallible in order to guide and rule his flock, and bind them in conscience to do or avoid certain things, any more than a parent has to be infallible in order to exercise authority over his children.

And granted that the Bishops have made no "definite doctrinal pronouncements" or "precise legislation binding in conscience," is it the proper Catholic attitude to withhold all assent to the pronouncements of religious authority until they come out armed with anathemas and excommunications?

It is not true that human law, including ecclesiastical law, cannot legislate for consciences. Human law, as Fr. Hugo says, can bind its subjects only to the placing of external acts; *but it can bind them in conscience* to place those acts. This is unanimous Catholic doctrine, from St. Thomas to Leo XIII and Pius XI and Pius XII.

And if only the Pope (and perhaps not even he) can make a decision

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as to the justice of a particular war, how can a lone conscientious objector make a decision as to the injustice of a particular war?

It may be true that Catholics are not strictly *bound* to follow the public statements of the Bishops on the war; but it is not true that these statements cannot give *certainty* as to the justice of the war. The American Bishops for instance, declared on November 14, 1942: "At times it is the positive duty of a nation to wage war in the defense of life and right. *Our country now finds itself in such circumstances.*" Can it be seriously maintained that the Bishops wished to leave, or actually did leave, this matter *in doubt*, to be settled by the private lights of individual Catholics?

\* \* \*

Such is our review of Fr. Hugo's well-written statement of the case for Catholic conscientious objectors. In the United States during the present war we think the case cannot stand. Its arguments are vague and weak in themselves, and when balanced against the weight of authority (civil and religious) and of public opinion on the other side, they lose whatever probability they might have in themselves.

We have not gone into the positive arguments in favor of the justice of the American cause in this war at all; but in showing the weakness of the best arguments brought forward against it, we feel that we have done a positive work nevertheless in reassuring *conscientious non-objectors* that the objectors have not a monopoly of the rights of conscience; and that conscience should dictate to every loyal American that in supporting this war he is obeying lawful authority which comes from God, and that God will reward him for his conscientious obedience.

### Epitaph Department

William Lepine  
of facetious memory,  
ob. the 11 March, 1778.  
Aet. 30 years.

Alas

Where be your gibes now?  
Your gambols, your flashes  
To set the Table in a roar.  
Of merriment that were wont

—Faversham Parish Church, England.

## THE LAUREATE OF CORPUS CHRISTI

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Perhaps you never heard of St. Thomas Aquinas as anything but a great philosopher. He is also one of the greatest Catholic poets.

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B. A. FRANCESCO

THE philosopher — and the theologian, too, I should suppose — thinks of good St. Thomas of Aquin as something of a heavy man sweating over a large parchment or peering closely into a dim tome, a rather grumpy person, I might guess, when he sought for a fleeting passage or a fleeing thought. But you know the other picture, the religious who said simply that to him elephants flying the clouds were a more believable sight than fibbers in monks' garb. Both these Thomases peer through the liturgical poetry and prose that the Angelic Doctor has left to us in the Office of Corpus Christi day. Here we have the prayers and surging song of the care-free friar, but here, too, the deep learning of the theologian.

St. Thomas' office of Corpus Christi is a work of undying beauty, a masterpiece of doctrine, devotion and literary taste, the emotion and the mind of a theologian saint wrought into words by the genius of a true poet. His words are not the sentimentalist's. He writes not his own mood, but the tremendous fact of the Holy Eucharist. He is not the flower-girl in the procession, but the priest who holds the Mystery in his own hands.

There are some who would see in St. Thomas only a lumpy latinist, with a simple straightforward line as savage in mold as it is sapient in matter. But the office of the Blessed Sacrament is sufficient proof that Aquinas, when so minded, could write pleasantly. Herein you find not only precision and clearness of thought — to be expected from a Doctor of the Schools — but a beauty and skill in form as well. In his liturgical work St. Thomas achieves a happy mingling: theology in graphic representation, emotion in a setting of sweetest faith. The Church seemed to sense this balance of doctrine and fancy, emotion and belief. The humanists of Pope Urban VIII spared only a few breviary hymns when they revised the verse of the office which priests say every day. The

hymns of Corpus Christi were among the few left untouched. St. Thomas' *Lauda Sion* is one of five sequences still sung at Mass — and there were literally thousands written by great poets of the Middle Ages. When the learning of the Renaissance flipped Gothic Art away and cleared a path through the poetry of a post-classic faith, it excepted only a little. St. Thomas' hymns and sequence were among the chosen few.

I COULD take the last-named song, the sequence *Lauda Sion*, so well known to all of us, as illustrative of the blend Doctor Angelicus achieved. It is lyrical and doctrinal; laudatory, humbly adoring; a prayer and a creed. It is properly enough a severely dogmatic exposition of the mystery of the Real Presence. It follows the lines of the many disputations in the *Summa Theologica* very closely, never wandering from the correct theological explanation or the correct scholastic terminology. It is like a catechism in verse. Yet the *Lauda Sion* is more than a rimed lecture on the Eucharist. It is a poem. It follows closely the rhythmic and stanzaic form of the *Laudes crucis* of Adam of St. Victor (a skilled medieval metrist), to whom St. Thomas doubtless owes also some of the spirit and pungency of the text. The sequence opens with an outburst of praise, an invitation to sing the glory of the Sacrament here offered as a memorial in Flesh and Blood. After five stanzas begins a didactic portion, laying before us the doctrine of the Eucharist:

*Dogma datur Christianis,*

and here, though the reason may stumble at a thought so transcendent, the faithful can know the truth. The old types we read of in the Scriptures are fulfilled in the mystery of the altar.

*Ecce Panis Angelorum*

" . . . the bread to children given,  
That to dogs must not be thrown."

And then that sweetest of prayers, a portion of which St. Alphonsus has borrowed for his Visits to the Blessed Sacrament —

*Bone Pastor, Panis vere,  
Jesu nostri — miserere!*

For my part, I find these ten lines too beautiful to discuss. I prefer to slip to my knees and say them along with the poet laureate of the Eucharist and hope that I may some day see with him the Lord now veiled under bread and wine.

Similar words of praise can be expended on the other pieces included in the splendid office of Corpus Christi. Perhaps St. Thomas borrowed the *Verbum supernum* from an older Cistercian office in honor of the Eucharistic King. Whether he composed or appropriated, he showed remarkably good taste. The rimes of the strophe, *O Salutaris* are a gem. The *Pange Lingua* is another sublime production; in it, too, logical neatness and dogmatic precision combine felicitously with the rhythm to produce a true, if severe and rigid, beauty. Authors point out the great skill our poet has displayed in the management of the meter of *Sacris Solemnis*, the poem from which we clip that unique stanza, *Panis Angelicus*. Always we find a capable combination of poetic genius and catechetical clarity.

IT WAS a great day when, way back in the late thirteenth century, St. Bonaventure (as the story goes), threw away his own compositions in favor of this wonderful work of St. Thomas. Perhaps it would have been nice to read the penning of the seraph saint. But undoubtedly our loss is more than compensated when we read what St. Thomas composed. It is a joy to know that when we sing or say the office of Corpus Christi we model our lips with the signature of a great Doctor of the Church, the liturgical hymnist of the Body and Blood of Christ, St. Thomas of Aquin.

### Lover's Words

"What do I love when I love Thee? Not beauty of bodies, nor the fair harmony of time, nor the brightness of the light so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers and ointments and spices, not manna and honey, not limbs acceptable to the embracements of flesh. None of these I love, when I love my God, and yet I love a kind of light and melody and fragrance and meat and embracement when I love my God, the light, melody, fragrance, meat, embracement of my inner man: where there shineth into my soul what space cannot contain and there soundeth what time beareth not away and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not. . . . This is it which I love when I love my God.—*St. Augustine*.

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# THREE GRADES OF CATHOLICS

## *On Vacation*

D. F. MILLER

### GRADE A

1. When preparing for vacation, takes into consideration whether there will be opportunities for fulfilling essential religious obligations, especially Mass on Sunday.

2. While on vacation, is more faithful at saying morning and night prayers than ever, because of possible temptations.

3. Is watchful over self in making new friends, especially of the opposite sex, and guards against the least inclination to lust in desire or action.

4. Uses liquor reasonably, i.e., can do without it, or can enjoy a drink with others, but can always stop before becoming even slightly intoxicated.

5. Knows that a vacation should be a means of rest, and takes sufficient extra rest to be in good shape when it is over.

6. Returns home contented and cheerful and grateful, with near-eagerness to get back to work.

### GRADE B

1. Gives no thought to religious obligations when preparing for a trip, and thus frequently finds that it is impossible to get to Mass.

2. Neglects morning and night prayers almost entirely, through carelessness and sloth.

3. Uses new contacts made on vacation for dangerous conversations, philandering, love-making, etc., without much thought of the seriousness of these things.

4. Does not intend to get drunk, but quite frequently falls because cannot resist social pressure, or does not judge own weakness.

5. Foolishly overdoes in pursuing some sport and sits up all hours at night with friends instead of getting essential rest.

6. Returns home tired, remorseful, unhappy, with a strong distaste for the thought of going back to work.

### GRADE C

1. Deliberately plans a vacation which includes missing Sunday Mass, whether there be an opportunity to get there or not.

2. Laughs at those who are seen kneeling down to pray in the morning or evening or at any time.

3. Looks for opportunities to commit outright sins of lust while on vacation, as if one could take a vacation from the ten commandments.

4. Considers liquor essential to a vacation, which means liquor in large quantities and taken without measure or stint.

5. Uses a vacation to harm self, by excess in everything, so that at the end is in far worse shape than at the beginning.

6. Returns home almost ill, more restless and miserable than ever, almost incapable of going back to work.

## Side Glances

by *The Bystander*

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It is greatly to be feared that courtesy, one of the fair daughters of charity, is rapidly losing caste among Americans. In many instances that which went for courtesy before is being shown up as a spurious child of charity—it lived and waxed strong while it brought results and profit; today when the war has made it impossible to get results in many fields, courtesy is languishing sorely and sick unto death. Any bystander can notice this in the course of a brief trip or two; any visitor to shops and stores and business offices and railroad stations will see the same.



Take travel, for instance. In the old days, from the time you timidly approached a ticket-seller's window to buy a ticket, until you were gently assisted off the train at your far destination, the courtesy of railroad employees practically drooled over you. The ticket agent would spend fifteen minutes to half an hour with you, telling you alternate routes you might take, weighing the advantages and disadvantages of each, sometimes even describing the scenery along the way. When you boarded your train, the conductor would sometimes personally see to your comfort; would point out your mistake if you happened to deposit yourself on the sunny side of the train; would even amuse your five-year-old child if you happened to have one along. When your mother-in-law or your great-uncle met you at the train, the first thing you told them was how kind the train officials were; what noble and courteous Christian gentlemen they were. But now! How often you are tempted to think the old courtesy was bred not from charity, but from economics, the most polite term for love of money. It was the only way to hold a job. Now a man can hold a job and get by with anything. The ticket agent snarls an answer to your question that is both mysterious in substance and unintelligible in enunciation; the train-conductor takes it as a personal insult when you ask him to assist you in some minor task. Not all are guilty; and perhaps those that are may be partially excused on the score of over-work. A few prove that even at top-speed it is possible to be courteous; the rest show that courtesy was never acquired as a virtue.



But it is not only public officials who "have turned like the worm." Many patrons of the railroad and other public services seem to have changed from Jeckyls to Hydes. People who used to be able to get anything they wanted with money and who therefore could afford to be courteous, today display some of the nicest little tempers you ever saw. There was the man we recently witnessed reading a riot act to a railroad ticket-seller, because the latter had no reservation for him, threatening to tell the president of the road, using profanity and vile language, referring to his wealth and position—but all in vain. When money

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doesn't talk any more, naked human character does, if money did all its talking before. There was the richly dressed (we almost said "caparisoned") woman sitting next to us in the diner of a train, who looked scornfully through her upheld pince-nez at the piece of meat the waiter brought her and then, with a tongue like a surgeon's knife, neatly cut to ribbons everybody connected with the railroad from the president down. Blue blood made the air blue in that diner. If you enter a train where people have to stand (almost any train these days), you need only five minutes to divide the standers into two groups: the selfish and the unselfish, the undisciplined and the well-bred.

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Many who have gained the "upper hand" over others by reason of the war, are likewise displaying the fact that however courteous we may have been as a nation before, we are going to have to learn the lesson all over again. Some ration boards of which we have heard seem to think it will help win the war if they treat citizens who ask for things like so many dogs, seeking crumbs from the ration board's table. Even air-raid wardens take themselves so seriously, in some places, that they think they have not only been freed from any restraint that courtesy might suggest, but from all the implications of the second commandment.

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Courtesy is a beautiful thing when it is spontaneous, disinterested, constant. Then it is truly the daughter of charity, a daughter that never abandons its mother. It is never oily, like the courtesy of a self-interested bond-salesman. It is never patronizing, like the courtesy of a politician toward a person who cannot help or hurt his opportunities for advancement. It is never unnatural, like the courtesy of some members of the social register, who can turn it on or off as one turns a spigot, according as it serves a purpose. Courtesy, like charity, is patient and kind and forbearing; it does not envy, is not pretentious, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, is not self-seeking, is not provoked. Courtesy is the mark of a gentleman and a lady, and no amount of money, and no luxurious and expensive clothing, and no political power nor social prestige can ever take its place. Above all, it will not be lessened or destroyed by the hardships and privations that arise from the exigencies of a war.

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It would not be right to close this subject without the moral, which, in this case, is not as obvious as morals usually are. The lack of courtesy today is only the proof of the lack of fundamental religion in thousands of Americans yesterday. Religion is charity, practiced for the sublime motive of the love of God. How can a man who knows nothing about God have charity in the real sense of the word? He may have the spurious charity of self-interest, or the unworthy charity of the business slogans, "Honesty is the best policy," and "Courtesy always pays," or the changeable charity that is based on feeling, but he cannot have the constant, disinterested, happy-go-lucky charity that is founded in the knowledge and love of God.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## UNBELIEF?

THE French rationalist, Renan, and a friend of his were once spending a vacation in a small village of Brittany. While they were walking together one day they met a religious procession, and the friend was surprised to see that Renan raised his hat and bowed his head before the crucifix.

"Have you changed your views?" he asked in amazement.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "Sometimes when I meet Christ we greet each other, but we never speak to each other."

## CONSTANCY

WHEN St. Peter Balsam was being tortured on the rack for his faith, the people standing around felt a great pity for him and cried out:

"Obey the emperor's orders, sacrifice to the gods, and save yourself from these torments."

But St. Peter said: "Do you call these torments? I for my part feel no pain, but this I know, that if I am not faithful to my God, I must expect real pains, such as cannot be conceived."

Thereupon the judge cried out: "Sacrifice to the gods, or you will repent it!"

"Neither will I sacrifice," said the martyr, "nor shall I repent it."

Shortly afterwards he was put to death.

## THE GREATEST MIRACLE

THE story is related that the Polish general Sikorski stayed at Jerusalem on the way to Moscow, and there talked to a rabbi about the outcome of the war. In the rabbi's opinion, the war might be won either by natural means or by a miracle.

"And what are the natural means?" asked Sikorski.

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"Since our cause is just," was the answer, "it would be natural to expect the intervention of Providence on our side."

"Well," said the other, "if Providential intervention is the natural way of achieving victory, how would it be won by a miracle?"

"Clearly," replied the rabbi, "it would be miraculous if we won it by ourselves without divine intervention."

### SAINT OF HUMOR

**S**T. TERESA, according to the story, was once forced by obedience to sit for a portrait by a certain Brother John, a would-be artist whose efforts were zealous, but somewhat lacking in perfection.

The saint was patient enough during the undertaking, which must have taken some time; but when the painter had finished his work, and she saw the result, she could not help exclaiming:

"God forgive you, Brother John! After making me go through no one knows what, you have turned me out ugly and blear-eyed."

### FROM EFFECT TO CAUSE

**D**URING Napoleon's exile on the island of St. Helena, a visitor one day noticed him devoutly saying his prayers, and asked him jestingly how he could believe that there was a God, since he had never seen Him.

"Listen, and I will tell you," said Napoleon. "You say that I have a talent for war. When we used to go into battle, you were the first to come to me if there was some important decision to be made. Everyone at that moment cried out 'Where is the Emperor?' And why so? It was because you trusted in my talent, yet you had never seen it. Did you then doubt its existence? No. My victories proved that it existed, and no one called it into question. But which of my victories could be compared to any of the wonders of creation, which all bear witness to the existence of God? What military movement can bear any comparison with the movements of the heavenly bodies? My victories made you believe in me; the universe makes me believe in God."

# Pointed Paragraphs

## ***An Army on its Knees***

The sign we frequently see these days, "An Army on its Knees to Support the Army at the Front" is a good omen. But so far it is only an omen, like the tiny strip of blue in an otherwise clouded sky. It presages the possibility of an army on its knees. So far there has not been much more kneeling than there was before the war began.

A pastor in one of our large parishes sent out a notice some time ago to the mothers of the boys in the service to come to the parish church for a special afternoon service on behalf of their soldier sons. *Three mothers answered the call.* And there were about 200 men from the parish under arms. In another large parish devotions are conducted once a week for the soldiers of the parish. *About twenty-five people attended.* At morning Mass in most parishes *not one per cent of the people are present.*

The world is not even near being on its knees yet. And until it does get down on its knees wars and famines will continue. History proves this. Whole civilizations were allowed to perish on account of the pride and self-sufficiency and worldliness of the people. God warned them with minor calamities at first. They refused to be impressed. Then came major calamities that wiped them out completely.

This war is more than the result of the ambition of an evil genius. It is the pus and infected matter of rotten souls. For a time souls concealed their disease like a woman hiding even from herself the first symptoms of cancer. But the germs worked on until finally they burst forth in a miasma of corruption which we call war.

Prayer is the medicine that will cure the disease at the source. Guns and airplanes like surgeons' knives will cut away the dead flesh. But they will not cure. Only prayer can effect that miracle. "An Army on its Knees" is the prescription that we must follow. Until we do, the tears we shed for dead sons and wounded sweet-hearts are tears that are shed in vain.

## ***To Young Lady Graduates***

In the course of the past month many warnings were given Catholic young ladies graduating from finishing schools, high schools and academies, on the wickedness of the world they were about to enter. It may be that an inference was dropped more than once that "the Waacs, the Waves and the Spars are all right. But let girls from other places take out membership in them. Our own girls have plenty to do at home. Besides, isn't there a tremendous amount of danger for any young lady who puts on a uniform and lives in a rough camp, inhabited by thousands of soldiers?"

Of course there is danger. Perhaps there is more danger than there is in civilian life. Still, in times like these that is no valid argument against a young lady doing her part in the winning of the war by joining a branch of the service where she can do real good.

If Catholic education does not prepare the graduates for just that kind of danger, what good is it effecting? Surely, its purpose is not to cultivate a lot of hot house plants that wither at the first chill breeze of temptation. Surely, its purpose is not to fill the mind with a lot of information about the boundaries of Brazil and the rivers of North America, and to leave the will as flabby and volatile as it was when first it came to use. Catholic education should make our girls as strong as Felicitas and Perpetua, as firm as Catherine of Sienna and Bernadette, and as pure as the Mother of God herself.

If a girl joins the Waacs and falls by the wayside, it is as much her own fault as anybody else's. She failed in the work of acquiring a Catholic education even though she went to a Catholic school.

Soldiers will tell you that wherever they met young ladies in the service who were real Catholics, they (the young ladies) did more good than can be imagined. They had the opportunity to promote Catholic Action in a way impossible in civilian life; and they did it. They were modern Joans of Arc.

There is such a thing as too much warning.

## ***Crime Wave***

In some parts of the United States, where army camps have been established near cities, the people of such cities are not well pleased with the proximity of soldiers, and according to reports are doing their best to have the camp or camps removed to other areas, far

away from their own homes and hearths. The reason for the citizens' distaste for the uniform is the danger, if not the prevalence, of immorality.

The ancient doctrine of the occasion of sin is being applied in these cases, even by people who would throw a Catholic moral theology at you if you were so much as to quote a principle from a Catholic moral theology at them. But the ancient doctrine is not being quoted in its fullness. And it is not being applied in all its implications.

Soldiers who roam the streets in search of prey should be locked up. They are occasions of sin; and they should be removed. But not all soldiers roam the streets with such intentions. Most men in uniform are good men — as good, if not better, than the very ones who would put them out. Thus, not all soldiers should be made to suffer the pain of exile on account of a few.

How then can the occasion of sin be neutralized? Parents know, or should know the answer to the question.

It is an unsolved mystery to sensible minds to see mothers and fathers allowing their daughters of high school age to go where and when they will, to associate with whomsoever they will, and never to give an account of their wanderings and their projects. What kind of innocent babes are these mothers and fathers? What kind of mice and shaking shadows are they that they cannot *demand* an account as well as strict supervision from their romantic, movie-fed and uniform-crazed growing daughters?

Parents are in great part responsible for the current crime wave. Perhaps the solution of the problem lies not only in removing all soldiers to desert spots, but in exiling unthinking parents as well, and turning over their daughters to those who have heads on their shoulders. Perhaps that is the best way of removing proximate occasions of sin.

### Thumbnail Biography

A psychologist has estimated that the average 70-year life consists of 25 years of work, 20 years of sleep, seven years of sports and walking, five years of shaving and dressing, seven years' pleasure, three years of waiting, two years of eating, one year telephoning, 30 hours annually looking in mirrors, and four hours annually wiping one's nose.

# ◆-----LIGUORIANA-----◆

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### The Prayers of the Mass

#### FOURTH PART (Cont.)

##### The Canon

*Hanc igitur oblationem*, etc. (We therefore beseech Thee, O Lord, graciously to accept this oblation, etc.) The priest spreads his hands over the bread and the wine, and, through the merits of Jesus Christ, who redeemed us from the power of the devil, he prays to the Eternal Father favorably to accept this offering that His servants and His whole family make to Him. He also asks God to help us to enjoy peace in this life, to protect us from hell, and to admit us among the number of the elect: *Et in electorum tuorum jubeas grege numerari*. (And number us in the flock of Thine elect.) Estius observes that by these last words we do not ask of God predestination, as if God could change His eternal decrees, but we ask of Him the effects of predestination, that He may draw us to Himself and conduct us to eternal happiness. In the Old Law he who offered sacrifice placed his hands on the victim to signify that just as this animal was soon to lose its life by immolation, so he also offered up his own life to God. It is with the same spirit of sacrifice that every priest should offer himself to God, when he spreads his hands over the host and the chalice.

*Quam oblationem tu, Deus in*

*omnibus, quaesumus, benedictam, adscriptam, ratam, rationabilem acceptabilemque facere digneris; ut nobis corpus et sanguis fiat dilectissimi Filii tui Domini nostri Jesu Christi*. (Which oblation do Thou, O God, vouchsafe in all respects to make blessed, approved, ratified, reasonable and acceptable, that it may become to us the body and blood of Thy most beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.) In this prayer the priest asks God to cause this oblation to be blessed (*benedictam*), that by this blessing the bread and wine may be changed in to the body and blood of Jesus Christ; that it may be admitted (*adscriptam*),—that is, subtracted from all profane usage and wholly consecrated to the divine Majesty; ratified (*ratam*), that is, approved as a perfect sacrifice; reasonable or rational (*rationabilem*),—this includes an allusion to a passage in the Epistle to the Romans in which St. Paul says: "I beseech you . . . that you preserve your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God, your reasonable service;" acceptable (*acceptabilem*),—that is, altogether agreeable and worthy of being received, differently from the victims and the oblations of the Hebrew people, which were not sufficient to appease the divine justice incensed against sinners; and, finally, *Ut nobis corpus et sanguis fiat dilectissimi Filii tui* (That it may become to us the

body and blood of Thy most beloved Son.) The priest, according to St. Thomas, does not thereby ask that the consecration be accomplished, but that it be profitable to us.

*Qui, pridie quam pateretur*, etc. Here the priest, renewing the memory of the Passion of Jesus Christ, relates what the Lord did on the evening before His death, when He instituted the Sacrament and the sacrifice of His body and blood. Then the priest does the same thing, and consecrates by pronouncing the very words used by Jesus Christ, as St. Ambrose remarks: "He uses not his own words, but the very words of Jesus Christ."

The form of consecration is taken from St. Matthew: *Hoc est corpus meum* (This is my body). These words need no explanation, since they themselves declare what mystery is accomplished, namely, the change of the bread into the body of Jesus Christ.

The form of the consecration of the chalice is as follows: *Hic est enim calix sanguinis mei, novi et aeterni testamenti, mysterium fidei, qui pro vobis et pro multis effundetur in remissionem peccatorum*. (For this is the chalice of My blood of the new and eternal testament, the mystery of faith, which shall be shed for you, and for many, to the remission of sins.) These words the Church has taken from different texts of the Gospel, partly from St. Luke, partly from St. Matthew. St. Luke says: "This is the chalice, the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed

for you." St. Matthew: "For this is my blood of the new testament which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins." The word *aeterni* (everlasting), is found in St. Paul: "In the blood of the everlasting testament." The other words, *mystery of faith*, the Roman catechism declares are taught by sacred tradition, which is the guardian of Catholic truths. This divine mystery is called *Mystery of faith*, not to exclude the reality of the blood of Jesus Christ, but to show that in it the faith shines forth in a wonderful manner, and triumphs over all the difficulties that may be raised by human reason, since it is here, says Innocent III, that we see one thing and believe another. We believe, he adds, that the form we read in the Canon was received from Jesus Christ by the Apostles, and that they transmitted it to their successors. The Roman catechism, moreover, says that the words of consecration should be thus understood: It is my blood that is contained in the chalice of the New Testament. — This signifies that men receive no longer the figure of the blood of Jesus Christ, as was the case in the Old Law; but they really receive the true blood of the New Testament. The words *Pro vobis et pro multis* (For you and for many) are used to distinguish the virtue of the blood of Christ from its fruits; for the blood of our Saviour is of sufficient value to save all men, but its fruits are applicable only to a certain number and not to all, and this through their own fault.

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# Book Lovers' Department

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## CATHOLIC AUTHORS

### 2. Helen C. White

I. *Biographical Data:* Helen C. White was born of Catholic parents in New Haven, Connecticut, near the end of the last century. She presents the very unusual phenomenon of a distinctively Catholic author who received her entire education in non-Catholic schools. Miss White received her high school education at the Girls' Latin School in Boston; her college degree at Radcliffe; her university training at the University of Wisconsin. She is now a very popular teacher of English at the University of Wisconsin, where she has been teaching since 1919. In 1942 she was awarded the "Laetare Medal" as the outstanding Catholic lay leader of the year.

II. *The Author:* Though Miss White has written several critical studies of English Literature, she is best known as a writer of historical fiction. The rich and varied Catholic life of past ages furnished material for her pen in the three novels she has produced. The setting of *A Watch in the Night* is fourteenth century Italy, and the story is the stormy career of Jacomo da Todi, the worldly lawyer who changes into the wild man of God on the sudden and tragic death of his young bride. In *To the End of the World*, the author turns to the France of the French Revolution and the efforts of a young monk to reconcile the principles of the revolution with those of the church to which he remains loyal.

Her style is interesting and oftentimes sparkles with flashes of humor and quotable phrases. She is not afraid to represent both the lights and shadows of Catholic life; the characters are not all saints, but real men and women, some good and some bad. The plots of the books do not move as rapidly as Father Dudley's (cf. June Liguorian), and her books could be shortened without any loss.

III. *The Book:* From her school days Miss White has been fascinated by the towering personality of Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII, and his faithful ally, countess Matilda of Tuscany. This interest has culminated in the novel, *Not Built with Hands*. The scene is laid in the turbulent times of eleventh century Italy. In its pages we witness the struggles of Hildebrand against the emperor Henry, who tried to enslave the church that is not built with hands by choosing and investing bishops with the spiritual signs of their office. Hildebrand had enemies even within the Church itself in the priests and bishops who were not true to the vow of celibacy. In all these struggles Matilda was ever at his side to assist with her wealth and force of arms. Matilda is really the heroine of the book, a truly heroic woman who caught some sparks from the fire that blazed in the heart of Hildebrand for the welfare of the church. A well written book that will introduce the Catholic reader to one of the better Catholic novelists of our day.

# JULY BOOK REVIEWS

To meet the shortage of Catholic books caused by the European war, the Newman Bookshop of Westminster, Maryland, is reprinting Catholic classics. One of the latest reprints is *The*

*Life of St. Teresa of Jesus* (516 pp., \$3.75). Many of us are inclined to think

of St. Teresa as a great mystic to whom our Lord *St. Teresa* gave many visions and supernatural favors, and to forget that she was a very human person with a keen sense of humor and the practical ability to found and rule many convents. This life reveals the complete St. Teresa. Often the Saint's penetrating probing of the human heart rocks our self-complacency with our progress in the love of God. She seems to be reading our hearts. But lest we grow discouraged, St. Teresa reveals her own faults and failures to correspond to the promptings of God's grace. For a while she grew lukewarm and worldly in her outlook in the early years of her life; she was unable to meditate for eighteen years without using a book. A large section of the book is devoted to a helpful treatise on prayer. The reports that the Saint made to her spiritual directors are also included as an appendix to the volume. This autobiography of the older St. Teresa, the great Spanish mystic and writer, will be of inestimable service not only to priests and religious, but also to men and women who are endeavoring to lead a life of perfection in the world. The Newman Bookshop is to be congratulated on the reprinting of this classic spiritual work.

**Philosophy** Scholastic philosophers are made Easy beginning to leave the security of their desks in an attempt to explain the true philosophy of life to the man in the street. The man in the street naturally believes the truths taught by scholastic philosophy, and now an effort is being made to justify the reasons for that belief. Father J. A. McWilliams, S.J., presents a popular pres-

*A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.*

entation in his book: *Philosophy for the Millions* (Macmillan, 206 pp., \$2.00).

The book is divided into four sections; the Personal, the Social, the Spiritual, the Rec-

ord. The account is well written and a complete short introduction to philosophy. Father Mark Schmid, O.S.B., gives us a very fine outline of the main points of scholastic doctrine in *The Solution is Easy* (Pustet, 181 pp., \$2.00). The sections are shorter, and cover the field of philosophy in a better manner. Father McWilliams covers some parts of Apologetics, Sociology and philosophy of history. I think that Father Schmid's book is a better introduction to philosophy proper. There is a fine glossary of terms in Father Schmid's book, surely a necessary item in a book for beginners. Both these books will be of service to the man in the street and to professional philosophers.

**Soul** With summer comes the annual Clinic retreat of our hardworking Sisters. They will be looking for a book to supplement the conferences of the retreat master. Two Sisters of Notre Dame furnish an ideal book in *Soul Clinic* (Pustet, 199 pp., \$2.00). The sub-title: "an examination of conscience for religious teachers" suggests the scope, but not the wealth and practicality of the matter. The first section of the book presents an excellent outline of the psychological approach to spiritual problems. The authors show a clear grasp of the fundamental psychology of the all important part of motives in the formation of character. The influence of motivation and practical helps in the formation of spiritual motives are very lucidly and forcibly presented. The second and longer section of the book consists of short, practical considerations for the liturgical year. The Sisters evidently know the trials and difficulties of a religious teacher who is trying to form Christ in the minds and hearts of their pupils. Considerations on leadership, humility, the personality of Christ,

patience and zeal for souls cannot but help make those who reflect on them better religious and teachers. This book will be of use not only during retreat but also during the entire school year.

*Out of Debt, Out of Danger*, by Rep. Jerry Voorhis, published by Devin-Adair (238 pp.).

The National Debt While it is indubitably true that moral regeneration is primary in the work of social reconstruction that lies before the modern world, yet, to restore economic stability is a necessary supplement. And that which attracts first place in the economic order is the problem of finance, because finance is the pivot-point of present-day economics.

Many of the nation's leading economic experts (some of whom the book will name) are well agreed in stating that the depression of recent years was in no wise the failure of the productive facilities of the land. It was the inability to distribute the goods to yearning consumers due to a faulty financial machine. Men willingly produced and more willingly would have consumed, but producers and consumers could not get together because there was lacking a sufficient "medium of exchange." This problem of money must be straightened out if post-war economic planning is to prove beneficial and permanently successful.

Representative Voorhis in his present book has proposed solutions to many of the most vital aspects of the question, and his proposals merit serious consideration. He argues clearly and convincingly. His presentation brings many of the intricate and often little understood methods of finance to light.

The central topic is the country's National Debt, and this subject is discussed in its past, present and future. The author reveals in this connection a good deal of little known American history. He shows the reader, in a style that is popular, our present-day banking practices and their relation to the Debt, to the depression of the thirties and lastly to the current war. But it is the economic aspect of the future, especially the gigantic Federal Debt to follow from the war, that make the program advocated in *Out of Debt, Out of Danger* worthy of the consideration of every thinking American.

Strength Blanche Mary Kelly has ar-  
for the ranged Scriptural texts that  
Sorrowing will be of help to all those  
who face the sorrow and  
suffering of this world. The texts are taken principally from the Book of Job and the Psalms. Father Gillis has written a short preface on the meaning of suffering and the consolation that can be derived from the inspired word of God. The selections are well chosen; the titles are appropriate; and references to the texts are given in the back of the book so as not to hinder the continuity of the development of the theme. We read of the anguish of the soul and gradually watch the unfolding of the eternal purpose of suffering. We know that God sends suffering to those whom He loves, and for whom He has prepared a high place in heaven. We recommend this book to those who need strength and courage in this suffering world of ours. The publication is singularly appropriate in this time of total-war. *The Eternal Purpose* is a volume that will complement Emile Cammaert's *Upon This Work*. Emile Cammaerts gives us his own human reactions to pain and suffering. Blanche Mary Kelly places before us God's view of pain. *The Eternal Purpose* (Harper, 141 pp., \$1.50) is recommended to our readers.

#### PAMPHLETS

Biography The lives of heroic Catholic laymen always exercise a strong appeal to us. *The Man with the Iron Hand and Heart* (Sunday Visitor, 10 cents) gives an account of the explorer and adventurer Henri De Toni who for a quarter of a century explored the Mississippi valley. An interesting and well authenticated sketch. *Jerome Jaegen* (Sunday Visitor, 15 cents) was a saintly layman, army officer, banker and mystic. Surely his life was far different than the adventurous life of De Toni. The account of this man who united in himself unusual occupations of banker, army officer and mystic is worth reading by all laymen who are trying to combine sanctity and business.

Men will find peace only when they have found that tranquility that comes from order in their own souls. Men cannot be at peace among themselves unless they are first of all at peace with them-

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selves and with God. *St. Benedict, the Apostle of Peace* (Grail, St. Meinrad, Ind., 25 cents) will teach them the way to true and lasting peace. Mary Fabyan Windeatt draws a short portrait of the man who brought peace to men and to the world by bringing the God of peace to the hearts and minds of men.

Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar has always drawn the souls of the young to himself. Mary Lictenegger, *The Eucharistic Lily* (St. John's Abbey,

Collegeville, Minn., 10 cents) was one of God's favorites. She was a young Austrian girl who had a very special attraction for the Eucharistic God, and whom God called to Himself as a young girl of seventeen. This booklet will be of service in the preparation of the first communicants. Father Jerome has nineteen short child rimes in honor of the saints in his small booklet: *To Love is Human* (Grail, 10 cents).

## BEST SELLERS

### A Moral Evaluation of Current Fiction and Non-Fiction

#### I. Recommended for Family Reading:

Let the People Know, by *Angell*  
 Last Man Off Wake Island, by *Bayler*  
 Mr. Lincoln's Wife, by *Colver*  
 Journey Among Warriors, by *Curie*  
 Year of Decision, by *DeVoto*  
 Colonel Effingham's Raid, by *Fleming*  
 Mama's Bank Account, by *Forbes*  
 Story of Dr. Wassell, by *Hilton*  
 Last of Summer, by *O'Brien*  
 We Took to the Woods, by *Rich*  
 I Saw the Fall of the Philippines, by *Romulo*  
 The Little Prince, by *Saint Exupery*  
 Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, by *Skinner*  
 Mutiny in January, by *Van Doren*

#### II. Recommended for Adults Only Because Either the Content and Style Are Too Advanced, or because of Immoral Incidents:

The Fifth Seal, by *Aldanov*  
 Crescent Carnival, by *Keyes*  
 Heathen Days, by *Menchen*  
 Air Offensive Against Germany, by *Michie*  
 Blind Date with Mars, by *Moats*  
 Black-Out in Gretlet, by *Priestley*  
 Dress Rehearsal, by *Reynolds*  
 Forest and the Fort, by *Allen*  
 Floods of Spring, by *Bellaman*  
 Experiment Perilous, by *Carpenter*  
 Citizen Tom Paine, by *East*  
 The Gaunt Woman, by *Gilligan*  
 Gideon Planish, by *Lewis*  
 The Seventh Cross, by *Seghers*  
 Drums of Morning, by *Stern*

#### III. Not Recommended to Any Class of Readers:

Congo Song, by *Cloete*  
 Valley of Decision, by *Davenport*  
 Prodigal Women, by *Hale*  
 The Golden Feather, by *Kenyon*  
 The Mediterranean, by *Ludwig*  
 November Storm, by *McCormick*  
 Life in a Putty Knife Factory, by *Smith*  
 Chicken Every Sunday, by *Taylor*  
 We Cannot Escape History, by *Whitaker*  
 Night Shift, by *Wolf*

## Lucid Intervals

Junior came home from his first day of school. "Well, son," greeted the father, "how did you like it?"

"Aw, they asked me my name and I told them. Then they asked me your name, and I told them. Then they asked me where I was born. I didn't want to be a sissy and say a maternity ward, so I just told them Yankee Stadium."

Pearl: "It must be three years since I saw you last. My, how you've changed! I hardly knew you, you've aged so much."

Ruby: "Well, I wouldn't have recognized you in a thousand years, either. It was that dress that identified you."

The British Ambassador walked briskly into the foyer of a magnificent Washington hotel, and stopped for a moment to speak with one of the bright-buttoned servitors in the lobby. After he walked on, an assistant manager who had noted the incident, went over to the boy and said, "What did the Ambassador want?"

"I don't know," answered the bell-hop. "He couldn't speak English."

"Bill used to call his house over there 'The Nutshell.' Wonder why he changed the name?"

"He got tired having funny people calling to ask whether the kernel was in."

Willie: "Mamma, do people that lie ever go to heaven?"

Mother: "Why, of course not, Willie."

Willie: "Gee! I bet it's lonesome up in heaven with only God and George Washington."

"Who's the girl with the Spanish heels?"

"Those aren't heels—they're darn nice fellows."

She came into the police station with a picture in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "Here is his picture. I want you to find him."

The inspector looked up from the photograph.

"Why?" he asked.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic, professor, about my daughter's chances of becoming a singer. Surely she has some possibilities!"

"Vell, yah . . . shes got a mouth."

Floyd had taken his girl friend to lunch and she had spoken to a nice-looking man at the next table.

"Is that man a friend of yours," asked Floyd.

"Yes," she replied.

"Then I think I'll ask him to join us."

"Oh, Floyd, this is so sudden."

"What's so sudden?"

"Why—why—he—s our minister."

"Pa," said Johnnie, "What's a monologue?"

"It's a conversation being carried on by a man and his wife, son," growled his dad.

A speaker before a woman's organization, talking on Persia, was telling about how careless the men over there are with their wives, and said it was no uncommon sight to see a woman and a donkey hitched up together. Then he laughed, and said when he made that statement in a speech at Buffalo, one of the ladies in the audience piped up:

"That's not so unusual—you often see it over here too."

Pete (slightly under): "Shay, I b'lieve I'sh been kidnapped."

Jake: "Why do you think so?"

Pete: "I went home lash night an' looked in my bed, an' I wasn't there."

They had just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your troubles."

"But darling," he murmured, "I have none."

"No," she agreed, "but I mean when we are married."

"Did Clarice enjoy her date with Joe last night?"

"She was never so humiliated in her life. When he started to eat his soup, five couples got up and began dancing."

## **HOW TO HELP WIN THE WAR**

### **BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**

The country needs your money. The more you lend it, the quicker will the war be over, and the less difficult will be the readjustment to a civilian economy when the war is over.

You need a safe place to invest your money. Don't pay it out foolishly in exorbitant prices for luxuries you do not need. Don't compete with foolish and selfish citizens who are unwilling to go without anything for the sake of victory. Invest your money in bonds, and it will all come back to you with interest when, without harm to anybody, you will be able to use it to good purpose.

### **DON'T PATRONIZE BLACK MARKETS!**

The black market is the forerunner of inflation, a condition of affairs in which you will be paying a hundred dollars for an item that is worth only ten. The black market is the equivalent of a racket; it makes crooks rich, and makes good people crooked. Don't help create war-fortunes for crooks.

The black market is a danger to your health and the health of your children. Black markets are not safeguarded by any pure food laws. Black markets are not concerned about whether you are poisoned by old or spoiled or unclean food. They want only your money. Don't give it to them!

### **DON'T FORGET TO MEDITATE AND PRAY!**

Meditation means thoughtful reading. Back numbers of *THE LIGUORIAN* have many articles on the moral reasons for war and on the price of peace. Read them. Learn them. Apply them.

Prayer will win the war, if enough people pray. This is no time for "prayer as usual." It is the time for extraordinary prayer. Go to Mass and Communion every day if possible. Visit a church frequently. Attend public devotions. Don't be a slacker in prayer.

# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## *Reviewed This Week*

Blazing Frontier  
Fugitive from Sonora  
Get Going  
Hit the Ice  
Robin Hood of the Range  
Thumbs Up  
Yanks Ahoy

## *Previously Reviewed*

Aerial Gunner  
Air Raid Wardens, The  
Always a Bridesmaid  
Amazing Mrs. Holliday, The  
Arizona Stagecoach  
Assignment in Brittany  
At Dawn We Die  
Background to Danger  
Bad Men of Thunder Gap  
Billy the Kid in the Renegade  
Black Raven, The  
Blocked Trail, The  
Bombardier  
Border Buckaroos  
Border Patrol  
Buckskin Frontier  
Calaboose  
Calling Wild Bill Elliott  
Carson City Cyclone  
Chatterbox  
Chetniks  
Cinderella Swings It  
Clancy Street Boys  
Commandos Strike at Dawn, The  
Cowboy Commandos  
Cowboy in Manhattan  
Crime Doctor  
Crime Smasher  
Days of Old Cheyenne  
Death Rides the Plains  
Desert Victory  
Desperadoes, The  
Dialé Drogan  
Eternal Gift, The

Fall In  
False Faces  
Fighting Buckaroo  
Forever and a Day  
Frontier Fury  
Fugitive of the Plains  
Gentle Gangster, A  
Ghost and the Guest, The  
Ghost Rider  
Gildersleeve's Bad Day  
Glory of Faith, The (French)  
Golgotha  
Happy Serves a Writ  
Harrigan's Kid  
He Hired the Boss  
Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour  
Hi, Buddy  
High Explosive  
How's About It?  
Human Comedy, The  
Idaho  
It Ain't Hay  
It's a Great Life  
Johnny Doughboy  
Keep 'Em Slugging  
Kid Dynamite  
Kid Rides Again, The  
King of the Cowboys  
King of the Stallions  
Land of Hunted Men  
Law of the Northwest  
Let's Have Fun  
Little Flower of Jesus  
Lost Canyon  
Man from Thunder River  
Man Trap, The  
Monastery  
Mrs. Miniver  
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch  
My Friend Flicka  
Mysterious Doctor, The  
Night Plane from Chungking  
Night to Remember, A  
No Place for a Lady

One Dangerous Night  
Our Lady of Paris  
Perpetual Sacrifice, The  
Pilot No. 5  
Power of the Press  
Purple V, The  
Reveille with Beverly  
Riders of the Northwest Mounted  
Riders of the Rio Grande  
Saddles and Sagebrush  
Saludos Amigos  
Salute to the Marines  
Santa Fe Scouts  
Scatterbrain  
Shantytown  
Silver Skates  
Small Town Deb  
Somewhere in France  
Song of Texas  
Spitfire  
Squadron Leader X  
Story of the Vatican, The  
Stranger from Pecos  
Stranger in Town  
Strictly in the Groove  
Swing Your Partner  
Tarzan Triumphs  
Tennessee Johnson  
They Came to Blow Up America  
Trail Riders  
Truck Busters  
Two Fisted Justice  
Two Tickets to London  
Two Weeks to Live  
Virgin of Guadalupe, The  
War Dogs  
West of Texas  
Western Cyclone  
We Are the Marines  
When Johnny Comes Marching Home  
Wild Horse Stampede  
Youngest Profession, The